THE

Monthly Museum:

OR,

DUBLIN LITERARY REPERTORY,

FOR JANUARY, 1814.

History, Antiquities, Biography.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS IV. LATE KING OF SWEDEN.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

[THE recent reverses of the French arms on the Continent, and the important consequences arising therefrom, having in a great degree resulted from the revolution in Sweden, we conceive a full and accurate account of that event will be acceptable to our Readers.]

MANY persons were heretofore strongly impressed with a high opinion of the late king of Sweden Gustavus Adolphus IV. as it had been drawn with so much zeal and apparent truth in the British newspapers. Some disapproved of the Swedish revolution, (among whom was the authority* from which we are principally indebted for the present narrative,) and were eager to learn the opinion entertained of it by well informed people in Sweden.

Our author had many opportunities there of conversing with people of all ranks, both Swedes and foreigners, who had the means of accurate information on this subject. Almost every person concurred in the same opinion, while the picture drawn of the conduct of Gustavus was so different from what was conceived, that people were unwilling to admit it, and yielded only to the evidence of well authenticated facts. Before we enter upon an account of the revolution itself, it will be proper to give a short account of the late King and of his conduct during the whole of his reign, which at last brought the country into such a situation, that nothing but the revolution could have saved Sweden from being divided between the Russians and the Danes.

Gustavus IV. possessed certain qualities which gave him a resemblance to Charles XII. the prince, whose conduct he considered as a model for his imitation. Like Charles he had an obstinacy of character so great, that it was impossible to induce him to alter any resolution, however absurd or ridiculous, which he had once formed. Another quality in which he resembled Charles, was in his capacity of enduring cold, which was uncommonly great. He used to travel in the winter with

* Mr. Thompson in his Travels through Sweden.

only a slight covering, when his courtiers were trembling with cold under the load of two or three great coats and surtouts. But in all the eminent qualities which distinguished Charles XII. there was a sad falling off in Gustavus IV. Instead of that impetuous bravery, bordering on foolhardiness, which characterised Charles, and to which at last he fell a sacrifice, Gustavus was an absolute coward, and though exceedingly fond of military glory, too timid to venture to appear at the head of his troops. Instead of that comprehensiveness of plan, and that celerity and steadiness of execution which distinguished Charles XII. and to which he owed in a great measure his success, Gustavus never attempted to form any plan whatever, and by frittering down his army into small detachments, and leaving them totally unsupported by each other, and to contend with forces more than double their own numbers, he always rendered success impossible. Instead of protecting his own frontiers, he left them defenceless to the invading enemy, while the whole of his attention was turned to romantic schemes altogether beyond the power of his resources to realize.

He had early become the submissive votary of religion, or more accurately speaking of superstition, and during his travels in Germany, he got hold of a commentary on the Revelation, by a man of the name of Jung. This book became his assiduous study; the opinions which it contained were implicitly adopted and regulated all his conduct.—The second beast described in the 13th chapter of the Revelation, whose power was to be but of short duration, was considered by him as Buonaparte, because some commentator had shown that the letters in the name of Napoleon Buonaparte make out the number 666, which is the mark of the beast. In consequence of this discovery, he ordered the name of the French Emperor in all the Swedish newspapers to be always printed N. Buonaparte, and as the real reason of this whimsical change was concealed by his ministers, it excited considerable curiosity in the country, and nobody was able to explain it in a satisfactory manner.—He easily persuaded himself that he was the person destined by Heaven to overturn the dominions of the beast, and that the verse in the 6th chapter of the Revelation, which is as follows, applied to himself,

"And I saw, and behold a white horse, "and he that sat on him had a bow, and a "crown was given unto him, and he went "forth conquering and to conquer."

Gustavus possessed some skill as a practical painter. At Gripsholm he drew a picture of himself seated upon a white horse and trampling the beast under his feet. So firmly was he convinced of the truth of all these predictions, that he thought nothing more was necessary than to refuse to treat with Buonaparte. No preparations on his part would be requisite to enable him to fulfil the intention of Heaven. When besieged in Stralsund by a French army, he expected the visible interposition of an angel on his behalf; but when this angel, who was to be four German miles in height, did not appear, and the French batteries were nearly completed, he thought it requisite to attend to his own safety and retreat to the island of Rugen.

One of the greatest faults of Gustavus, was a total disregard to the sufferings and feelings of his subjects. All oppressions, and all toils and hardships, he conceived them as bound to endure without murmuring, and seemed to consider them as created for no other purpose than to fulfil his sovereign will

and pleasure. His own notion of military tactics, like that of some other princes, was, that it consisted in nothing else than regulating the military uniforms; this was with him a point of such importance, that when the supplementary troops were raised, he spent the greatest part of a year in devising the shape of their coats, while, in the meantime, the poor recruits were left so entirely without every means of comfort, that many actually died of cold and hunger.

Let us now take a short view of the way in which he conducted the war against France, and afterwards against Russia and Denmark. This will lay open his conduct as far as the welfare of his kingdom was concerned, and shew clearly the necessity of a revolution, in order to preserve any remnant of their country.

After the death of the Duke d'Enghein and the coronation of Buonaparte as Emperor of France, the King of Sweden returned the insignia of the order of the Black Eagle, with which he had been decorated by the king of Prussia, because that monarch had acknowledged the title of Napoleon, and had even bestowed upon him the order of the Black Eagle. This step produced a coolness between those two kings, afterwards productive of the most disastrous effects during the subsequent war in Germany. Meanwhile he had recalled his ambassador from Paris; had prohibited the introduction of French newspapers, and had threatened to declare war against that powerful kingdom. Notwithstanding this disposition, he very nearly quarrelled at the same time with the emperor of Russia, because the person sent with the badge of the order of the Seraphim, which had been worn by the emperor Paul, was not of a rank sufficiently elevated, and because Gustavus insisted upon painting with the Swedish arms that half of the bridge of Aborrfors, which was on the Russian side.

But this last quarrel was fortunately got over, and Gustavus entered keenly into the first coalition formed against France, after the breaking out of the present war between France and Great Britain.—The King of Sweden at the head of 25,000 Swedes and 15,000 Russians was to attack Holland. But after a sum of money had been paid him by the British Ministry, Gustavus very nearly broke off from the coalition, because they would not declare that the object of the war was the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France; but his eagerness for war induced him to wave this scruple, and to proceed without any specific declaration.

A subsidiary treaty was concluded with Great Britain, and the king of Sweden with 25,000 troops, Swedes and foreigners, encamped in Pomerania, and issued a pompous proclamation. The king of Prussia being still irresolute, Gustavus sent a peremptory letter to him by Count Lövenhjelm desiring to know his intentions, and informing him that a Russian and a Swedish army were going to take possession of Hanover. It is said that the emperor of Russia, who was then at Berlin, had just induced the king of Prussia to enter into his views. The British and Russian Ambassadors, afraid that this letter if delivered might irritate the king of Prussia, and alienate him from their cause, prevailed upon Count Lövenhjelm not to deliver it, and the king of Prussia was led to conceive that he had been sent not to him, but to the emperor of Russia. Count Lövenhjelm wrote to the king of Sweden, and urged him to recal the letter, but Gustavus wrote

back a peremptory order to deliver the letter, and observed that he was not a man to put up with a refusal to receive his letters.

At last a declaration was obtained from Russia, that no attack was intended upon Pomerania; but still the king of Sweden continued to negotiate, insisting upon a declaration from that power, that the Swedish troops would not be molested in Hanover or in their march to Holland. The Swedish troops were then allowed to approach Luneburg, the king regulated their line of march himself, and frequently ordered them to stop for the night in villages that did not exist. No provisions were provided, and they who were ordered to form magazines were left ignorant where they were to be placed; the guards and king's regiment were left without shelter at the end of November, and in the most inclement weather.

Mean while, after the surrender of Mack, the capture of Vienna, and the battle of Austerlitz, the Swedish troops were ordered to march into Hanover. They took possession of Harburg, and attempted the most iniquitous exactions, which it was found impossible to enforce. The emperor of Austria had been forced to accede to a treaty dictated by Buonaparte, and the emperor of Russia had retired in disgust to Petersburgh. The situation of the Swedes became critical. Louis Buonspartemenaced them in front, while Augereau and Barsguay d'Hilliers threatened their rear. Thus situated, Gustavus offered to resume the command of the Russian troops, but was informed that it had already been bestowed on the king of Prussia, who had expressed his determination to occupy Hanover, and protect the North of Germany from the war.

The British troops, who had never lost sight of their transports, returned home, and the British ministry intimated to Gustavus, that any attempt on his part to protect Hanover was superfluous; but his enmity to Prussia induced him to remain on the left bank of the Elbe. He insisted that the king of Great Britain should officially desire him to retreat, but was informed that such a step would be authorizing the king of Prussia to occupy Hanover. The Prussians continued to advance, Gustavus prudently retired himself, but left Count Lövenhjelm with 1,800 men, and peremptory orders to fire upon the Prussians if they attempted to cross the Elbe. A long negotiation took place with the British ministry which it is needless to detail; mean while the Swedish troops were all withdrawn except about 300. The Prussian alliance with France became publicly known, the troops of the king of Prussia advanced, refused to fire upon the Swedes, opened a passage for them to retire, and when the Swedish soldiers fired and prepared to fight, the Prussian officers declared that there was no wish whatever of entering into hostilities with Sweden. Gustavus immediately blockaded the Prussian ports, and ordered the towns upon the coast to be bombarded unless they agreed to pay for their security. This extraordinary step was persisted in, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Great Britain and Russia, and notwithstanding the risk of the loss of Pomerania, till at last the king of Prussia, who was now preparing for the impending conflict with France, agreed to evacuate Lauenberg. The Swedish troops took possession of that Dukedom, and soon after Count Lövenhjelm occupied Ratzeburg.

The king of Prussia was now too far advanced in his unfortunate and

fatal quarrel with France to pay any attention to the petty efforts of the king of Sweden. During the short but decisive war between Napoleon and Prussia, and Russia, nothing short of infatuation can account for the conduct of Gustavus. He was urged repeatedly by the French to make peace, and offered his own terms. How far the French were sincere in these offers, it is impossible to say, but had he entered zealously into the new system which Buonaparte established immediately after the conquest of Prussia, and had excluded all British vessels from his harbours, it is probable Buonaparte would have allowed him to retain his territories, and he would have avoided the Russian and Danish war.

During the whole of the Prussian war, the Swedes remained quiet in Pomerania in consequence of an armistice with the French army in that district. But as soon as the peace of Tilsit was concluded, the king of Sweden declared the armistice at an end, and refused either to renew it or enter into any negotiation with the emperor of France. The Swedish troops, amounting to a few thousand men, were speedily driven into Stralsund, and that town, which had been entirely neglected, was not capable of making much defence against a besieging enemy. But the king relying upon assistance from Heaven, refused either to give it up or make any preparations to defend it. But when the French advanced and began to throw up batteries; he prudently withdrew to Rugen, and soon after the town was abandoned to the enemy.

About 8,000 British troops were lying in Rugen under the command of Lord Cathcart. The British ministry formed the project of seizing the Danish fleet at Copenhagen, and sent a sufficient fleet and army for that purpose into the Baltic. The command of the army was given to Lord Cathcart, and he was ordered in consequence to withdraw his troops from Rugen, and land them in the island of Zealand. This order being communicated to the king of Sweden, he not only refused to allow them to go, but though he had only 800 Swedes at most, threatened to throw the whole British army into prison. At last he was pacified, the British troops were carried to Zealand, and the result of their expedition is sufficiently known. The king of Sweden withdrew to Scania, and the island of Rugen not being capable of defence, was speedily evacuated by the Swedish troops.

(To be continued.)

THE DRUIDS AND BARDS OF IRELAND.

[THE following Articles of Irish Antiquities, Topography, &c. &c. we conceive will be found interesting.]

SUBJECTS of Antiquity in proportion as they have been effective, are more or less interesting. The ancient Druidic and Poetic establishments in Ireland have occupied a considerable share of disputation, and have given rise to various interesting theories. The nature of Druidism, as classic writers have explained it, is partly removed from doubt or speculation. In the sixth book of Cæsar's Commentaries we are informed, that they were Priests, Legislators, Philosophers and Judges. But though uncertainty regarding their functions be thus in some measure removed, nevertheless a degree thereof is still maintained. The Literati assert, that those offices which were con-

ferred in ancient times, were distinguished by names appropriated to their duties, or received from their nature. Allowing this to be the case, (if departed souls can be conversant with sublunary transactions,) our Ancestors must long since have perceived the superiority which they held over their posterity in these matters. Indeed we will not prove ourselves so ignorant of Grecian literature, as to deny that the appellation of the individual was derived from the office which he filled; but whether the barbarians practised the same perspicuity we cannot pretend to determine, and therefore do not offer our remarks in corroboration to the antiquarians. We will assist them by advancing what is too simple to have been passed without a memorandum from other writers, viz. that this mode of distinction is by far more natural than any other, and therefore more likely than others to be adopted by the state of Nature. There have been several opinions advanced about the derivation of the word Druid; and this dissonance of voice and sentiment seems to have arisen from the universal establishment of that order. The Germans derive it from "*Dru*," "faithful;" but of all others, this opinion has been parent to the most extended family of arguments. According to this Theme they seem to have been called from their sentiments; but as the majority of writers name them from their religious ceremonies, we shall discard the German opinion. The Welsh, Cornish and Armonic word *Deruidhon*, the Saxon word *Dry*, and the Irish *Dryith*, are produced as different roots; and as these signify the same thing, viz. an oak, and as respectable authors call it from the Greek, δρυς, which means the same thing, we shall presume to fix their appellation as the sign of their religious rites. Indeed the oak tree was to them peculiarly sacred; and they were of opinion that any thing growing to it was the gift of Heaven. Therefore it is that Lucan, when speaking of this religious sect, says,

"_____ Remoti sibi remotis,
Incolitis lucis."
"Ye haunt the lonely coverts of the grove."

They held the misseltoe in the greatest veneration; and used it in their sacred ceremonies. When this vegetable production was to be collected from the tree, a certain form was observed: the Priest, clad in white, climbs the tree, and with a golden sickle, cuts off the misseltoe, which he receives in his vestment; and this was supposed an universal remedy.

Samothes was the original founder of Druidism; and from him the highest order of this persuasion was called Samothæi. Among those nations where a Supreme Being was either wholly unknown, or but imperfectly or ignorantly worshipped, there was a trace of Druidism always to be found; and however removed those nations might be from social intercourse *se invicem*, certain it is that this persuasion, though recognised by as many names as the nations in which it flourished, was still the same until supplanted by the Christian Revelation. The Chaldeans among the Assyrians; the Magi among the Persians; the Sophoi among the Greeks; and the Druids among the inhabitants of several European nations were the same.

To the very latest periods of the existence of their order, they were eminently conspicuous for their learning; but they were exceedingly jealous of that preeminence, and in consequence of this selfishness, they kept the people in darkness. But when Christianity dispelled the mists of error, their learning vanish-

ed with their order, and the Christian morality adorned the Druids virtues. Nor were they less remarkable for their literary acquirements than for their superstitions; in fact, they both went hand in hand and were inseparable from their character.

The construction of their alphabet was such as to maintain this pre-eminence. It was composed of two sets of letters; one of which was called sacred, because it was chiefly used in religious communications: the other profane, being the vehicle of common ideas. There is a coincidence in the rights, manners and customs of the Egyptians. Before the introduction of Christianity, the Irish characters only were used; but afterwards the Roman letters were substituted. The total silence on the subject of religion which Ossian observes, has been attributed by Vallancy to the profound secrecy which the Druid Priests maintained; indeed the religious men in that order inculcated the doctrine, that conversation with literary correspondences impaired the mental faculties—that these powers ought still to rise in a sort of climax—and that any thing which would depress them, must therefore prove irreligious in the extreme.—The people could only hear their history sung extempore by the Bards; and so are accounted for the numerous traditions in this country.

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the Earl of Ormond appeared before it; but, after his defeat by the Parliamentarian Independants, it fell into the hands of Cromwell's party. The prospect from the castle is delightful; and its situation bold and commanding. It fell into decay shortly after the restoration.

According to tradition, there was a window in this building, in which, though it was neither latticed nor glazed, a candle would remain burning in the fiercest storm. There was here an abbey, dedicated to St. Brigid, which was founded in the thirteenth century by Richard Tyrrel.

THE ISLAND OF DALKY.

OUR ancestors seem to have been better apprised of the value of Dalky Harbour, from the use they formerly made of it, than we are at this day.—It is safe and convenient for ships trading to Ireland; where they avoided the danger of the open bay of Dublin, and lay secure in ten fathoms water, sheltered from the north-east wind, and ready to sail at any hour.—Markets and fairs were established here to favour the foreigners who resorted thither for trade, and an exemplification of the grant of these in the 22d Edward IV. A. D. 1482, appears in Harris's collection.—Castles were built to protect the inhabitants, and for the better collecting and receiving the public revenue.

In 1538, Sir Edward Bellingham landed at Dalky on Whitsun-eve, and two days after received the sword of State.

Sir Anthony St. Leger did the same in 1553; and in 1558, the Earl of Sussex shipped his army there, and sailed to the Isle of Raghlin to oppose the Scottish islanders, who flocked over in great numbers this kingdom, and like the old Brabançons, were mercenary Saluiers, ready to engage in any cause: these were called Rutees or Routes, and hence the old English word Route, (a tumultuous assembly) which was given to a tract in the county of Antrim, where these Scots settled.

The island of Dalky, divided from the main land by a narrow strait, is small but extremely pleasant: in it are the remains of a church, and Kistvaens with human bones were discovered near the shore.—GROSE.

A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF CAHER AND CASHEL.

CAHER*, commonly called Care, is a small town in the county of Tipperary, situated on the banks of the beautiful and rapid river Suir, abounding with plenty of salmon-trout, and also its enemy the pike. Its banks are covered with emerald verdure, and well wooded; and its shrub-topped rocks are bold and romantic enough. The town has some handsome buildings, a modern church of the mixed Gothic, and also a Catholic Chapel, built in the form of a cross, with a spire. There is an old Church which has neither spire nor tower, though in its time it might have possessed both. A ve-

* Mr. Ledwich, in his antiquities of Ireland, says, "The *Cathair, Cahirs*, or *Cairs*, were a fence or inclosure; and, when cities came to be built, the name of Carr was applied to them."

nerable ivy-mantled Castle stands insulated in this charming river, and is not the least of its local beauties. The mountains that surround it, some near, and others in a distant horizon, give the prospect an effect completely picturesque. A range of these mountains, called the Galtees, commence near Caher, and extend Westward through the county to Limerick. The country round is filled with ruinated churches and castles. Nine miles from Cahir stands the antient city of Cashel, the see of one of our Archbishops. On a high rock near this place, are the remains of its cathedral, which is of large extent, and by it stands one of the round towers* which have occasioned so much disquisition with Antiquaries: within its walls is Cormack's Chapel*, built of freestone brought from near Caher; all the rest of the building is of limestone. It is in good preservation, and evidently of Pagan origin, and the much-ornamented arches are circular. There is said to be an account of this place written by some king or bishop, called "The Psalter of Cashel," which is considered as the oldest literary work now extant of this country.

* On the subject of Round Towers Mr. Ledwich adopts the sentiments which prevailed for five centuries, from Cambriensis to Molyneux, that they were of *Danish* construction; the Irish having no commerce, coin, or mechanic arts, particularly that of masonry, before the great Northern invasion in the eighth and ninth centuries. To the time of their conversion, therefore, these Towers are to be referred, since till then, they had only skill enough to form subterraneous granaries and antrile chambers to secure their corn and soften the severities of the winter. Mr. L. gives a list of these towers, (no fewer than 65,) divided into stories of different heights; and ascribes the Round Towers of Norfolk and Suffolk to Irish Missionaries: and observe that some in Ireland have Saxon ornaments to their semicircular arches.

* Mr. Ledwich admires the architecture, as well as the magnitude of Cormack's Chapel, although its age still remains to be ascertained. It is compared, for ornament, to St. Peter's at Oxford, which is said to have been built by Grymbald, about the end of the ninth century. The Church of Cashel existed 1134, and was re-built in 1169, both times posterior to the Chapel; which, therefore, will have been erected before the introduction of the Norman and Gothic styles, for in every respect it is purely Saxon.

HISTORY OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL IN THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

DUBLIN, by reason of its commercial advantages, as well as its safety, invited the Danes to form a settlement in this place, which, having stiled their chieftain King, they erected into a Principality. It soon became the emporium of Ireland.

These settlers, on their first conversion to christianity, built stone roofed vaults, which served as oratories for patron saints; and soon after, say the antiquarians, they learned to erect large buildings.—But certain it is, that the crypt was the original model of religious architecture in Ireland. Some persons think that the crypts of this house were built by St. Patrick; but we have nothing which can throw a steady light on the truth of their observations; and tradition informs us, that Archbishop Comyn erected the present Cathedral on the scite of an old church which bore the name of this saint.

After the submission of the Irish, it was necessary to have establishments which would uphold a good understanding between the natives and the invaders; therefore Comyn was created Archbishop by Henry II. shortly after the arrival of the English in this Island. He made

this a Collegiate Church, and placed in it thirteen prebendaries, which his successors encreased to the number of twenty-two.

King John confirmed the see of Dublin in the possession of thirty-seven manors; which confirmation was ratified by the Pope. In 1216 the same prince bestowed on Comyn and his successors the Deanery of Penrith in Staffordshire.

Henry de Loundres was successor to Comyn. He made this church a cathedral; and appointed Wm. Fitzguy first Dean, with a Chanter, Chancellor, Prebendaries and Treasurer: and the Chapter has since consisted of twenty-six members. In 1370 this edifice was partly burned; but was re-built by Archbishop Minot*. Some years before this, Archbishop Ficknor founded an University here; which was confirmed by Pope John XXIII. with power to frame laws for its own government, provided that the masters resident and non-resident consented to the same, and that they had received the sanction of the reigning Archbishop.

In 1538 Archbishop Brown, the first Protestant Prelate, removed the Roman Catholic reliques and images; and put up the Lord's prayer, creed, and ten commandments in their place. In the last year of King Henry VIII. this cathedral was suppressed; but in 1554, Queen Mary restored to it its dignities.†

There were some chantries and chapels in this cathedral, one of which was the parochial church of St. Patrick; it is now in ruins; another, which is now the French church, was erected to St. Mary in 1270 by Archbishop Sandford. There are some monuments in this cathedral; the most interesting, tho' indeed not the most elegant, is that to the memory of Dean Swift. The following is the inscription:—

"Hic depositum est corpus
Jonathan Swift, S. T. D.
Hujus ecclesiæ Cathedralis
Decani
Ubi sæva indignatio
Ulterius
Cor lacerare nequit.
Abi Viator
Et imitare, si poteris
Strenuum pro virili
Libertatis Vindicatorem
Obiit 19° die mensis Octobris
A. D. 1745 ann ætatis 78°.

* The steeple was erected by this Archbishop in 1370; but the spire, the expence of which was defrayed by a legacy bequeathed by Dean Mearne for that purpose, in 1750.

† This cathedral was again suppressed in the protectorship of Cromwell, when it was made a barrack. Whether it was reinstated before the restoration we have not been able to ascertain.

PASSES OF THE PYRENEES,

AND THE BORDER COUNTRY OF FRANCE AND SPAIN*.

THE only track by which an army accompanied, as in modern times, by cumbersome trains of artillery and ammunition, of baggage and provisions, can attempt to enter France, at the western extremity of the Pyrenees, is along the narrow course of plain country, bounded by the mountains on the south, and the sea on the north. But this plain is still more contracted in fact than it appears to be on the map, by a range of hills of moderate height which line the shore. At the eastern root of this range, lie the town and fortress of Fontarabia, commanding the entrance of the Biddassoa, the common boundary of Spain and France, opposed on the French bank by the fortress of Andaye. The Bidassoa, it is true, is not a large river, but

* For a Map of which see Monthly Museum for Nov. 1813.

it pours down rapidly from the winding vallies of the Pyrenees; and soon after it appears on the plain at their base, it meets with the tide: to carry an army across that river, if the French are not wanting to themselves, must therefore be a very hazardous enterprise. Nor will it be easy for troops from the Spanish side to create a diversion, by sending parties over the Bidassoa higher up among the mountains. The only access through the mountains in that quarter, is by steep, narrow, difficult, bridle paths, practised by the mule alone: even the frequented roads between Pamplona and Bayonne, by the Val de Bastan, or by St. Jean Pied-de-port, are only of that description. Of these routes, the former, leading over by the Puerto or Pass of Maya, will be remembered by our gallant countrymen, as the scene of their exertions against a much superior force.

From the passage of the Bidassoa to Bayonne, the country is generally plain, and even level, when viewed with relation to the Pyrenees, springing up instantaneously along the southern boundary. Great part of this track consists of low sandy hillocks, covered with heath and shrubs, but interspersed with many inclosures and other cultivated spots, particularly about S. Jean de Luz, lying about nine miles east from the Bidassoa, and sixteen south-west from Bayonne. S. Jean is quite an open straggling town, at the bottom of a bay; but the little river Nivelle, which flows through it from the Pyrenees, in a marshy bed, might occasion some retardment to troops.

Bayonne may be considered as the frontier town of France, in that quarter; and the possession of it would be equally difficult and important to obtain. The most elevated part of the Pyrenean chain of mountains, is distant about one hundred miles from the angle of the bay of Biscay: one summit there, Mont Perdu, rises to the height of near two English miles above the sea. From this elevated tract of mountains proceed the waters forming the Garonne, running north; those of the Cinca, running south to the Ebro; and those of the Adour, which, after a long circuitous route to the westward, falls into the Atlantic below Bayonne. This town is properly situated on the south bank of the Adour, being divided into two portions by the Nive proceeding northward, from the Pyrenees.

Both portions of Bayonne have been fortified at different times; and while Spain and France stood unconnected, the fortifications became of importance. The western portions of Bayonne was further strengthened by an ancient castle within the fortifications; but the strength of the place, considered as a frontier against Spain, consisted chiefly in the modern citadel, constructed on an eminence on the opposite, or north bank of the Adour, fronting the influx of the Nive. This fortress (called with an adjoining suburb Saint Esprit) completely commands the town below it, although on the other side of the river; so that, without the possession of the citadel, no enemy could live in Bayonne. The Adour forming the harbour of Bayonne, in the heart of the town, is both broad and deep, where frigates ride afloat at all times: it is however only in very favourable circumstances, that they can pass over the bar at the mouth of the river. The bridges across the Adour, for the convenience of the town, are of timber, and may be easily destroyed: the Gave, and some other collateral streams, falling into the Adour from the mountains, are

besides so considerable and so impetuous, that were the bridges of Bayonne destroyed, an army would find it very difficult indeed to pass over into the great plains of Gascony, on the north.

Positions might doubtless be found on the south-east, the south, or the south-west parts of Bayonne, from which the town might be bombarded, and even perhaps breached: but, as was before said, the citadel on the height on the north bank of the river and harbour, so completely commands the town, that such operations would afford but little aid in the main object of obtaining a secure passage across the Adour. Nor ought we to suppose that any positions, from which a town of such importance may be assailed, will be left unoccupied by the people of the country. One object indeed might perhaps be obtained, by an attack lower down the river, on the west of the town, namely, the destruction of the shipping; for Bayonne has long been a station for privateers and other cruisers, by which the navigation of the enemies of France has greatly suffered.

No contrast of countries can be more striking, more absolute, than that between the mountainous regions in the north of Spain, and the far spreading plains in the south of France. If from the mouth of the Bidassoa as a centre, with a radius of one hundred and fifty English miles, a quadrant be described from the mouth of the Garonne on the north, to the position of Toulouse on the same river to the east, it will comprehend a tract of plain country of very uncommon flatness and extent. The country stretching north along the shore of the bay of Biscay, consists in general of sandy heaths, interspersed with a few cultivated spots and low pine woods. The coast formerly contained a few openings, into which vessels of moderate size might retire: but these are now nearly choaked up with sand, and are every day becoming less and less serviceable. In every other direction, from the centre to the arch of the quadrant, no eminence deserving notice is to be found. Even the road to Toulouse, running eastward along the northern spurs of the Pyrenees, passes over no heights, (for the positions of Pau and Auch are of no importance) exceeding those of the eastern provinces of England.

The northern slopes and valleys of the Pyrenees, yield excellent pasture and vast stores of wood; the plains, abstracting from a narrow region parallel to the coast, are extremely fertile in every necessary of life. That wide extended portion of France is abundantly productive, and proportionably well peopled. The towns in the interior, and particularly Bourdeaux and Toulouse, on the borders, are inhabited by a lively enterprising race of men. The country contains no fortress, excepting Bayonne: no important pass or defile which must be defended: an invader would therefore find it difficult to compel its defenders to come to a general action; and unless he possessed a very commanding force indeed, he might be reduced, after a long stay, and much loss, at last to abandon the enterprise.

Such, in a general way, is the nature of the country, opening up to the eye of the traveller, or the commander, who enters France from Spain, by the western extremity of the Pyrenees at Bayonne. The other great line of communication between the two countries, leads across the eastern extremity of the same mountainous range, where it projects a lofty rugged promontory into the Mediterranean. This is almost the only cir-

cumstance in which these important points resemble each other, for in other respects they are very dissimilar.

In approaching the French frontier, by the route to Bayonne, you surmount the highest ridge of the mountains without hazard, and proceed down a populous cultivated vale, and over a productive plain, for forty miles before you come to the limits of Spain. There you have before you an open country, intersected by a river of moderate size, where preparations to resist your passage must be public and manifest, and where you may adopt such measures as may, in a great measure, have been previously concerted.

On the other hand, in proceeding from Spain to France by the eastern pass, you arrive by a gradual easy ascent through low hills, at the foot of the only ridge of mountains in that quarter, and that of no great elevation. Here however difficulties begin. The limit between the two countries runs along the summit of this single ridge; consequently, until you gain that position, you can neither discover the preparations made to withstand your progress, nor form any connected plan for removing opposition to your schemes. But when to this difficulty, common to the advance of a hostile force from either side of the Pyrenees, it is added, that the French have long established themselves in fortresses of great natural strength, commanding, by their view and their vicinity, all approaches to the pass, the difficulties to be encountered by an enemy from the Spanish side, will appear almost insurmountable. If therefore the Spaniards possess an advantage over the French, in an invasion of their territory, by the west end of the Pyrenees, that advantage is much more than counterbalanced by the position of their northern neighbours, at the opposite extremity of the range.

Nor is this all: for the communication between the two great passes over the mountains is much more direct and practicable along their northern, than along their southern slopes. The low country of France comes very close under the great central bounding ridges of the Pyrenees; while that of Spain is removed to a great distance, by collateral branches of the mountains, running southward almost to the brink of the Ebro.—The communication between the two extremities of the Pyrenees, on the Spanish side, would form a bow much bent, while that on the French side would be only the chord. If however to this advantage on the part of the French, we add the state of the roads, the general cultivation and population of the countries to be traversed, they will be readily allowed to possess a great superiority over their southern neighbours.

The distance from the Bidassoa, at Fontarabia, along the low country of France to Perpignan, and the eastern pass over the Pyrenees, is about 300 English miles, all good post or country road, leading through considerable towns and populous villages, and a fertile country, furnishing abundantly the means of maintaining and transporting an army, without resorting to measures of a nature to be justified by imperious necessity alone. Very different is the case on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees. The only tract by which an army, with artillery and carriages of any sort, can march away from the left bank of the Bidassoa, to gain the accessible country on the south of the Pyrenees, in order to proceed for the eastern pass over these mountains, is the celebrated

route of Tolosa and Vittoria. The general direction of this route, bearing more to the west than to the south, although leading away from the intended course, is nevertheless the only one practicable for carriages. From the Bidassoa, at the ferry of Irun, the road runs along the low country to Ernani, opposite to St. Sebastian, where, bending more southwardly, it enters the valley of the river Orio.—Ascending that and other vallies, it at last attains the highest point of the mountains, separating the waters of the Atlantic from those of the Mediterranean, about 18 miles north-east from Vittoria, seated in a bottom on the Zadorra, a stream memorable for a late signal but inexplicable discomfiture of an unprincipled French invader on its banks.

At Vittoria, the route from south-west bends suddenly round to east for Pamplona, leading over the low lateral ridge of Salvatierra, and thence down the valley of the Araquil, which falls into the Arga, six miles below Pamplona. At this place begins the great road for the interior of Spain, running south to the ferry over the Ebro on the way to Madrid, or to the bridge of Tudela, on the way to Saragossa, and the east coast of Spain. From Saragossa the route again proceeds eastward by Lerida to Barcelona, and thence north-east by Gironà and Figueras, to the pass over the Pyrenees leading to Perpignan. The whole length of this circuitous route, from the western to the eastern entrance into France, is not less than five hundred and thirty English miles, while that between the same points on the north of the Pyrenees, is only about three hundred. Of the tract through Spain, the greatest portion consists of well made roads, traversing countries in many parts, fertile and populous: but these advantages are less equally distributed on the south, than on the north of the Pyrenees.

The tract here pointed out from Vittoria to Barcelona, is the only course practicable for carriages. A more direct route may certainly be followed from Pamplona, east-south-east across the roots of the Pyrenees, by Sanguesa, Jaca, Huesca, Balbastro, to fall into the former route at Lerida. But this course, practicable only by mules, would be totally unfit for the conveyance and the maintenance of any considerable body of men.

COLLECTANEA.

Prince Poniatowski.—Colonels Kicki, Adjutant of the late Prince Poniatowski, and Horakowski, Adjutant of the General of Division Krasinski, who arrived at Warsaw on the 8th of November last, have given the following particulars respecting the death of the Prince.—On the 19th of October, when the French army was retreating, the emperor assigned part of the suburbs of Leipsic, next to the Borna road, to Prince Poniatowski. This post he was to defend with a body of not more than 9000 Polish infantry. Perceiving that the French columns on his left flank were hastily retreating before a superior force, and that there was no possibility of getting across the bridge, incessantly crowded as it was with artillery and carriages, he drew his sabre, and turning to the officers immediately about him—"Gentlemen," said he, "'tis better to fall with honour;" and at the head of a few Polish cuirassiers, and the officers attending him, he fell most furiously upon the advancing columns. He had been wounded both on the 14th and 16th; on this occasion he received a musket ball in his left arm.—With the words above mentioned, he sprung forward, but found the suburbs

already filled with allied troops, who hastened up to make him prisoner. He cut his way through them; however, he was again wounded through his cross; threw himself into the Pleisse, and with the assistance of the surrounding officers, reached the opposite shore in safety. The horse which he rode was left behind in this river, and the prince, greatly exhausted, mounted another which was brought him. He then proceeded to the river Elster, but it was already lined with Prussian and Saxon regiments; and seeing them advancing upon him on all sides, he plunged into the river and sank, together with his horse. Several officers who precipitated themselves into the water after the prince, were likewise drowned, and others taken prisoners on the bank, or in the river. The prince was nephew to Stanislaus Augustus, the last king of Poland.

His funeral obsequies were performed on the 19th Nov. in the church of the Holy Cross at Warsaw, in the presence of the most distinguished Russian and Polish families in that city.

The Count De Narbonne.—The Count de Narbonne was universally supposed to be a natural son of Louis XV. to whom he bore a striking resemblance. This report he never contradicted but with a joke, and thought it no disgrace to have a King for his *compere*, for he was actually the God-son of that Monarch.—During the reign of Louis XVI. he rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General in the Royal Army, and chiefly resided at the Court of Mesdames, (the daughters of Louis XV.) by whom he was held in high consideration. After the breaking out of the revolution he accepted, in 1791, the post of Minister at War, with a view to save the King. This object was clearly evinced, by a proposal which he made verbally in the most serious manner to the National Assembly, and at the same time in writing to the Duke of Brunswick. On the 9th of January 1792, he transmitted, through the hands of Custine the younger, to that Prince, a proposal that *he should take the supreme command of the French Army.*

The Duke, in his reply, declined this offer. In the first half of the year 1792, he resigned his office, and withdrew into private life. By his moderation and prudence, he escaped the persecution of all parties. Napoleon again drew him forth from obscurity as a branch of the ancient *Noblesse*, in order to give splendour to his throne; Narbonne very unwillingly consented. He could not stoop to flatter.—The most favourable expression that ever escaped his lips, respecting Napoleon, was *Il est si heureux!*—how lucky he is! He often said of him, *Sa tete est un volcan*—his head is a volcano; and still more frequently—*C'est un crane, qui n'a point d'entrailles*—he is all head and no heart. He went with great reluctance to Russia, to Vienna, and lastly to Torgau, where he died, perhaps opportunely, aged more than sixty years. In his youth he was a page to Louis XV. Queen Marie Antoinette never liked him, and was afraid of him, on account of his wit.

The Cossack.—The Cossack lies down along-side of his horse, and never thinks of refreshment for himself until he has relieved the wants of his dumb companion. The animal becomes so habituated to his master, that he runs to him when he hears his whistle. The following occurrence concerning them is told at the Hague:—a Cossack picket recaptured a French Officer, stripped him of his coat, and, in trying how it would fit, found some difficulty in either getting it off or on; the other man taking advantage of his perplexity, leaped on his horse, and bade him *Bon jour.* The Cossack only smiled at this, had recourse to his whistle, and had him back in a twinkling, when in addition to bidding him good day, he gave him rather an unwelcome salute with his spear.

A Ceremony, representing a peculiar tenure, for lands situate in the parish of Broughton, in Lincolnshire, takes place at Castor Church every Palm Sunday.—A person enters the church-yard with a green silk purse, containing ten shillings, and a silver penny, tied at the end of a cart-whip, which he smacks thrice in the porch and continues there till the second lesson begins; when he goes into the church, and smacks the whip three times over the Clergyman's head. After kneeling before the desk, during the reading of the lesson, he presents the Minister with the purse, and then retiring to the choir waits the remainder of the service.

Lately, the Play of *The Stranger* was performed at Whitehaven, for the benefit of Mr. C. Kemble. During the fourth act, Mrs. Crase, who performed the character of Mrs. *Haller*, appeared very much agitated, and, when the bell rung for the fifth act, the audience were informed, that she was "very seriously indisposed." The part was read by Miss Grant. In the interim, Mrs. Crase had been taken into the ladies dressing-room; medical assistance was at hand; and before the curtain dropped, she was safely delivered of a still-born child!

Social Economy and the Useful Arts.

NOTICES

OF RECENT INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

Mr. J. Bramah's (*of Pimlico,*) *for improvements in Main and other Pipes, and applying the Water to other useful purposes.*

THE present patent has been taken out to enable Mr. B. to apply his principle to a variety of useful purposes. It is evident that Mr. B. has possessed himself of an enormous power, equal or superior to that of steam; and it seems capable of applications as much more extensive than that agent, as the degree in which the principle of elasticity in gazeous fluids is of more extensive application than the mere elasticity of aqueous vapours.

Mr. Bramah rests the claims of this patent solely on the new and beneficial effects he may produce by sundry new methods of conducting, applying, and employing water; in the hydrostatic application of water, on his late patent hydro-mechanical principle, to a variety of new purposes, and for the production of such new and beneficial effects as the said new system of mechanics hath not heretofore been applied to produce.

Instead of using, in all cases, the simple cylinder and piston as his grand operator, he proposes to use a compound apparatus, consisting of a plurality of hollow cylinders so fitted and equipped as to slide, water and air tight, one within another, exactly on the principle of an opera-glass, or common hand telescope, and by which principle of construction he is enabled to make machines for raising and lowering with great expedition the most ponderous or trifling weights to a prodigious height, either by the injection of water, air, or any other solid or elastic fluid. By this new application of fluid pressure, he is enabled to construct machinery for any purpose whatever, where expeditious elevation and depression are required, as signals at sea, machines for hoisting lights, beacons, telegraphs, &c. &c.

By the help of the above-mentioned hydro-mechanical application, and the introduction of a new principle of flood-gates, cleansing sluices, and new methods of constructing canals, aqueducts, float-docks, barbours, and other species of open water-works, he is enabled to produce many important effects, and to accomplish a variety of new objects.

And lastly, he is enabled to transfer the effects of the motion of the tide, water-falls, or any other stationed, elementary, or other force, from the place where he can collect it, to any distance, for the establishment of general and collective depots, or magazines of power, to be retailed out for any known purpose that may be required.

He next proposes to introduce a method of supply that will obviate the ruinous competitorship which now exists among the fire insurance companies, and totally to prevent fires, so as to render fire-insurance unnecessary; and to give the public a constant supply of water at all points, and to a commanding altitude.

Instead of continuing the use of

nine sets of mains and pipes, belonging to the nine London companies, he proposes to introduce one single principal main only, down the middle of every street, forming transverse and other junctions universally with each other, like the thoroughfare streets themselves throughout the whole circuit or extent of service, so as to form no more collectively than one universal cavity or channel for the water's circulation in all directions.

From this general main branch, he proposes to supply all his smaller ramifications for every purpose; and by the introduction of a number of capacious air-vessels, or loaded pistons acting up and down in cylinders, in the vicinity of his engines, he will cause a heavy pressure upon the water in the said mains and pipes to be constantly kept up, equal to the pressure of any number of atmospheres; and which pressure he will regulate by safety valves, placed either in the said air vessels or cylinders, in the loaded pistons themselves, or in any other parts of the main and pipes.

The said collective main will then constitute a great and universal depot, or magazine of hydrostatic force, sufficient to become the *primum mobile* of any machinery, or for any other hydrostatic operation; which force he can draw off and retail for any purpose of local machinery, in the same manner as water for domestic and other uses.

He proposes also to have the water always on, and his mains and pipes constantly capable of influx and reflux at all points, subject to the controul of stop-cocks, valves, &c. for repairs, &c.

He proposes also, in all his public works, to introduce an especial main with its ramifications for *hydro-mechanical purposes only*, and another for water. In this case he will cause the spent water issuing from the hydrostatic machinery to be conveyed by pipes into the domestic main for domestic use, allowing such a portion of the unspent hydrostatic pressure to be continued in the domestic duct, as will be amply sufficient to raise the water up to any altitude. And both mains being constructed with air vessels, he can, if necessary, render the pressure in them equal; and both of them may be charged either by the same machinery at the fountain head, or by distinct and separate engines. He illustrates this by stating, that he is in the habit of applying water, without any difficulty in his hydrostatic machinery, under a pressure capable of supporting an altitude of more than 20,000 feet; and he thinks this fact will demonstrate the utility and extent of the principle applied in this way.

By this accumulated magazine of power, he conceives he shall be enabled to drive machinery of every description, for any purpose, and of any magnitude, as grinding, turning, sawing, pressing, stamping, grasping, raising weights and goods, and for every purpose whatever, in any situation to which he can convey a small pipe.

To prevent the bad effects of rust in his iron materials, he proposes to line all his iron cylinders, and to cover his iron pistons with sheet copper or brass, by a process very similar to the method used by opticians in making their brass tubes for sliding telescopes.

The compound apparatus for elevating and depressing weights, or other objects, on the principle of the opera-glass, he performs by tubes, as above, and causes them to slide within one another, air and water tight. By these elevators he can, with very great expedition,

hoist and lower any light weight to any required altitude without danger. For instance, he can cause five hundred tubes, of five feet in length, to slide one within another. A bottom is fixed to the external tube, which being joined to, and communicating with a copious vessel of condensed air, when the stop-cock is opened, and the condensed air admitted into the bottom of this system of tubes, its expansive force will slide them all out in succession, till each of them reaches its stop, the exterior tube standing on its bottom, which being securely fixed, becomes the base of the machine. When all these tubes have been slided out to their ultimate bounds, the aggregate altitude will be 5×500=2,500 feet, a height that can be attained in a few seconds.

This improvement will be of great utility in a variety of applications; thus lights of any description, signals, telegraphs, &c. &c. can be hoisted to an immense altitude, and lowered with surprising expedition. He can also, he says, construct apparatus on this principle, that will prevent ships from sinking even if their bottoms be lost; he can raise or destroy wrecks: and for military purposes he can remove or destroy bridges, walls, towers, gates, trees, or any other obstacle, with expedition.

Goods, and every kind of light, or the most ponderous weights, can also be raised and lowered to and from warehouses of any description, with safety and expedition, without either rope, chain, pully, or any crane-apparatus like those now used. Ships may be launched, lifted upon land, hoisted in docks or building-slips for repairs, or the most stubborn planks and timbers bent into any curve; masts may be taken out or put in, and innumerable other processes accomplished in ship-builders' yards, by apparatus on this principle.

Mr. Bramah next proposes to construct canals, docks, harbours, or any other water-works, so that they can be easily cleansed and cleared of all their mud, at a very trifling expense. And by a particular shape and manner of construction, to render them capable of having caused in them (by the application of machinery between the extremities of any length of level) artificial currents in reverse directions, so that vessels of any description can be made to float without sails, wind, tide, towage, or oars, and with any velocity required. And he proposes also to apply his dydromechanical works in canals, so as to lift and lower vessels from one level to another without locks.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY.

SIMPLE SUPPORTER OF COMBUSTION.

OXYGEN.

(Continued from page 150.)

OXYGEN is never found in an uncombined state; it must, therefore, be procured by an artificial process. To produce oxygen, let an iron bottle be provided with a bent tube of the same materials

fitted to it by grinding. Let any quantity of the black oxide of manganese, in powder, be put into it; then fit the tube, and make it air-tight—this done, let the bottle be placed on a fire. A vessel, filled with water, is to be placed so that it can receive the other extremity of the tube under a perforated shelf which runs across it; on this shelf inverted glass jars are to be placed, filled also with water; the shelf should be about three inches under the surface. The heat expels the air contained in the black oxide; the air bubbles at first are given over violently, but soon cease. When the bottle becomes hot, the air bubbles make their appearance again. The extremity of the tube should now be placed under the jar. The bubbles ascend gradually to the top of the jar; and every bubble displaces a bulk of water equal to its own.—At length the water is entirely expelled from the jar; and it is filled with air. It now may be removed; to effect this, slide it a little from the tube, and pass a flat vessel under it, before it is raised from the water; some water, therefore, after it is raised on the dish, will remain round its mouth; this prevents the gass* from escaping†.

Oxygen gas can be procured in a much more ready, and equally scientific manner. Procure a tub made in a similar form to that described above; into a glass retort‡ introduce some red lead and a small quantity of sulphuric acid, (oil of vitriol). Let a glass tube be fitted to the neck of the retort, and the other extremity being placed under a glass jar, inverted as in the other method. Put a lamp or candle under the retort; the red lead is decomposed, and the jar filled with oxygen gas.

Oxygen gas was discovered on the 1st of August, 1774, by Dr. Priestly, and was called by him *dephlogisticated air*. Scheele discovered it in 1777; and, as he was entirely ignorant of Dr. Priestly's experiment and result, he has equal claim to originality; he called it *empyreal air*. Cordorcet named it *vital air*; and Lavoisier *oxygen gas*.

This gas is colourless and invisible, it is elastic, and capable of indefinite expansion and compression. It supports flame; and that it is the part of the atmosphere which possesses this property, is proved by the decomposition of the air we breath. If a lighted candle be immersed in a jar of atmospheric air, which has previously been deprived of its oxygen, it is instantly extinguished; but if it be put in a vessel of pure oxygen gas, it burns with encreased lustre and rapidity. If a lighted candle be placed in a closed vessel of pure atmospheric air, it will burn for some time, and then be extinguished; and on examination it will be found that all the oxygen in that given quantity of air is consumed; and that the residue being incapable of supporting combustion, the candle ceases to burn. Hence the pernicious practise of keeping fires in bed-rooms.

Animal life cannot be sustained without the presence of oxygen. Several experiments have led to the establishment of this fact. It is proved that suffocation often takes place, from being obliged to breath the same air for a length of time. But it is satisfactorily confirmed that animals live much longer in a given quantity of oxygen gas, than in the same of atmospheric air; and in air which has been de-

* Gas is a term applied to all airs which differ from atmospheric air.

† See Lavoisier's elements; and Priestly on airs.

‡ A glass bottle will answer as well.

prived of its oxygen, life instantly ceases.

Count Morezzo, says Thomson, placed a number of sparrows, one after another, in a glass bell filled with common air, and inverted over water.

	H.	M.
The first sparrow lived -	3	0
The second - - -	0	3
The Third - - -	0	1

He filled the same glass jar with oxygen gas.

	H.	M.
The first sparrow lived -	5	23
The second - - -	2	10
The third - - -	1	50
The fourth - - -	1	10
The fifth - - -	0	30
The sixth - - -	0	47
The seventh - - -	0	27
The eighth - - -	0	30
The ninth - - -	0	22
The tenth - - -	0	21

He then put in two together; the one died in 20 minutes, but the other lived an hour longer.

The actions of oxygen on other bodies shall be described in their proper places. No combustion can take place without it, and by this process another gas is generally produced; thus carbon being burned is called carbonic acid gas. It undergoes changes in combustion and in respiration. Its specific gravity, according to Sir H. Davy, is 1.127, water being unity.

Oxygen rusts metals, as shall be hereafter described. It is the acid principle; but as its acetous combinations will be hereafter noticed, we will not at present trouble our readers.

By attending to the nature of oxygen, the healths of many people might be preserved; nothing is more requisite than a free circulation of air; and nothing more detrimental than the consumption of this vital part, when the means of its restoration are cut off.

(To be continued.)

(For the Monthly Museum.)

FARMERS' CALENDAR FOR FEBRUARY.

THERE is not a branch of the farming business so unprofitable as fallow: for by this plan the ground is left in an unproductive state for a considerable time. Ground that is intended for wheat is thought to produce more kindly after this process; but if the same effect can be produced by keeping it in profit, how great must be the advantage? Therefore, in the beginning of this month, the land intended for wheat should be sufficiently ploughed to admit a crop of beans in drills (for this is the best time to sow beans); and the best sort to be planted is the small horse bean, as the quantity required to fill an acre of these beans is not more than two bushels, or one third less than of the Windsor's. They are also more marketable, and grow higher than the other sorts. By reason of this last property they are more peculiarly adapted to fallow ground, as they shade it from the intensity of the sun; but great care must be taken to keep the furrows cleanly hoed.

This method of planting beans, (viz. with the plough) is called drilling; but when they are planted on ground not intended for fallow, they may be dibbled, (or set in ridges): if they be drilled, the ridges should be 16 or 18 inches

asunder. On the whole they are an excellent preparing crop.

The only argument against planting beans in fallow is, that a second crop is sometimes necessary; and allowing this to be the case, are not the profits of two years, (for no crops pay better than beans,) better than the loss of one? this question cannot be negatived; and if it be granted, the point is carried.

About the end of the month barley may be sown. The sowing of this grain, like all other departments of art, has received considerable improvement. Having thrown the land into furrows, let the implements, whether horse hoe, scarificator, or scuffler, be adapted to the drill machine in such manner as to exactly fit the ridges.

Barley seed is most advantageously sowed on turnip lands. To this end then, as soon as the turnip crop is out, instead of repeated ploughing as was formerly in fashion, scarificators only should be used. The superiority of this utensil over the plough in the present season, on consideration, must be very evident. On the driest soils ploughing is superfluous; on wet soils the stiff and clung parts are thrown upon the surface, whilst these which have been ameliorated by the frost are turned down by this process. Scarificators do not invert; they glebe; they serve, chiefly, to loosen it, at the same time giving admission to the particles of the atmosphere: and the depth of the cuts made by this operation is proportioned to the weight of the beam which is applied to the machine.

Another decisive superiority of the scarificator over the plough is, that the same ground which will require frequent applications of the latter, will with one or two scarifications, followed by two or at most three harrowings, produce crops equally, if not more abundant. But, even allowing the crops to be the same, the scarification is more quickly performed; the drill machine follows with the seed which is covered in a shorter time; and the farmer is less liable to be thrown out by bad weather*.

Cabbage is a crop so necessary to the management of the farm-yard, in the winter season, that no opportunity of sowing it should be suffered to escape; it may be sown in this month, but it is generally better to wait till March. In our calendar for next month, we propose to lay down the rules for sowing this seed, because then such will come more in the technical order: suffice it to say in this place, that for an abundant crop it is necessary to have the ground light and rich. The most proper sort for sowing now is the red cabbage: indeed this is the best; but though some objections are urged against Reynold's cabbage, yet, from the circumstance of its resisting the frost in winter, we are fully convinced of its utility.

Paring and burning land is a practice too valuable to be unknown to the husbandman. For the performance of this a north east wind should be chosen; for it is a notable fact that this process is effected with much less time and expense, that wind prevailing.

The sowing of oats should now be very general; there are many varieties of seed, and the selection must depend on the nature of the ground. On dry, warm land, the Poland oat is very productive; the grain is fine and large. Short Essex oat weighs heavy and is most productive on tolerable dry soils. On wet ground the black oat will

* These directions will also serve in sowing bread cast.

produce a good harvest. The church oats and the early potato oats yield well; the latter particularly are heavy and productive.

Crops of peas generally answer tolerably well if properly managed; they require a strong soil, and in any other they will not answer the farmer's expectations. The ground, therefore, should have undergone repeated tillings before their sowing; but after this crop it will be much meliorated. Peas should never be sown in wet situations. Six or seven pecks will sow an acre in drills; but except dung be very abundant, the expenditure of it on ground for peas is useless.

The land which was ploughed in October for the April or May sowing of cabbages should now be stirred; by this means it becomes pulverised, provided it be not turned flat. Cabbages may now be sown; and they are found not only to thrive better in wet soils, but also to enable the farmer to keep more cattle, than turnips on dry land could support. They are most profitable, make more manure, and keep longer for sheep-feeding in the spring than most other vegetables.

In this, like every other month, due care should be paid to the constant application of manure; lime, soot, malt-dust, and coal-ashes are now the most proper to be used; their value depends on the change produced by their gritty particles on the more tenacious ground.—Farmers in general look for immense profit after manuring; but they are very frequently deceived: for the results depend equally on expense and judgment.

If there be any marshy situations on a farm, they can now be rendered useful by planting osiers; these save great expense, by supplying the necessary wicker-work. We said before, that crops which relieved the necessity of exposing the land to fallow, were of great importance; there is nothing which answers this purpose better than vetches. Their value is estimated by their average produce; they generally yield one, and have often two and half tons of hay per acre.

One of the most elegant customs now in the agricultural art, is the flooding of meadows; this practise is, however, confined to places which enjoy certain natural advantages. Where the water is convenient, it should never be omitted, particularly in frosty weather. The water should be let on in the night, and suffered to escape in the morning following; this being persevered in, let the fields be rolled towards the end of the month, and then put up.

Potatoes should now be planted; they require good ground, and one acre well cultivated is better than eight not so.

But of all the roots which turn to great advantage, the parsnip is undoubtedly first; it will not succeed in any but a dry, rich, and deep sandy loam; and five pounds will crop an acre. This root should be given to the cattle chopped; it makes the horses capable of much greater labour; it is extremely fattening, and makes richer and finer butter than either turnips or carrots.

Lambing should now be attended to; therefore the ewes are to be placed in standing fold, and for their better security a temporary hut should be erected for the herd. Still as they lamb, they should be put on rouen; this is generally soon out: and therefore a crop of reserved grass is necessary.

FINANCES AND COMMERCE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE following are extracts from the annual statement laid before Parliament, of the finances and commerce of Great Britain, relative to revenue and expenditure, the imports and exports of the year, ending Jan. 5:—

The revenue of 1812, including the loan, amounted to £95,712,695. The gross receipt of the income tax, within the same, was £13,131,548.

The total expenditure during that year, was £104,398,248.

The public debt during the same period cost the country 36,607,128*l.* of which £13,482,510, passed into the hands of the commissioners for the reduction of the National debt.

The following is a comparative view of the imports of the country for three years:—

1811	Jan. 5 ... imports	£38,427,722
1812	ditto	24,520,329
1813	ditto	22,901,843

The imports from India are not included above. They amounted in the year, January 5, 1812, to £4,106,251.

The following comparative view of the import of corn seems to afford a satisfactory proof, that we are becoming less dependent on foreign countries for that necessary:

1811	import of corn,	£2,701,243
1812	ditto	465,995
1813	ditto	378,872

Comparative view of the import of coffee, cotton, and sugar, for three years,

Coffee.

1811	Jan. 5	£5,312,795
1812		3,646,814
1813		2,573,614

Cotton.

1811	Jan. 5	£3,882,423
1812		2,990,821
1813		2,166,412

Sugar.

1811	Jan. 5	£6,490,044
1812		5,324,400
1813		5,033,396

The imports of Britain from Ireland, it appears, are regularly on the increase:—

In 1811 they were	£3,280,747
1812	3,318,879
1813	3,551,269

But if the imports of Great Britain fell off during the last year, it appears that the exports have materially improved. The following is a comparative view of there exports for three years:—

1811	Jan. 5 ... exports	£34,923,573
1812	ditto	24,131,734
1813	ditto	31,242,363

The real value of British produce and manufactures exported, as estimated at the Custom-house, is £43,057,864.

Besides which, the amount of foreign merchandize exported, is given as follows:—

1811	Jan. 5	£10,946,284
1812		8,277,937
1813		11,996,179

The following is a comparative view of the principal articles of these exports:

Cotton Goods.

1811	£18,633,764
1812	11,715,501
1813	15,972,826

Coffee.

1811	£1,455,427
1812	1,418,034
1813	4,382,739

Woollens.

1811	£5,773,719
1812	4,376,497
1813	5,084,991

Sugar.

1811	£1,471,697
1812	1,215,119
1813	1,370,977

Comparative view of the shipping and navigation of Great Britain and her dependencies, for 3 years, ending 30th Sept.:—

1810	number of ships	23,768
1811	ditto	24,106
1812	ditto	24,107

which, in the last-mentioned year, were navigated by 165,030 seamen.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MUSEUM.

Sir, ——————

THE conduct of public bodies is matter of fair investigation in an impartial print like your's. As such, without further preface, I wish to turn your attention to the manner in which the streets of Dublin are at present lighted. I beg leave to premise, that it is the general state of our streets of which I complain.—Some may be well lighted—others indifferently—and the remainder scarcely lighted at all. Now it is the duty of the Gentlemen who compose the Paving Board to see that the *whole* are constantly kept in a proper state. It is not the performance of their duty in one district that can justify the neglect of it in the rest.

Dame-street, Westmorland-st. College-green, &c. have what some would call abundance of light.—But it is more a glare than a steady illumination of object. The introduction of the patent-burners in the lamps never will answer the purpose of street-lights. They may throw an uncommon beam on a particular spot, and render any object arriving at that point conspicuously visible; but how they annoy the aching eye of the passenger!—What Savage said of Bolingbroke's philosophy is strictly applicable to them,

"They dazzle, not enlighten."

Nor is it for some minutes after a passenger has passed them that he recovers the management of his eye. It is for the oculist to determine the decree of damage sustained by the orb of vision from this artificial method of pouring a false light on it; but certain I am that, from the sensation the passenger feels on his approach to these burners, they are but ill calculated for their avowed object—facilitating the apprehension of robbers.

But it is otherwise with regard to our back streets. They are most shamefully neglected. They are seldom lighted until an hour, or an hour and an half after the principals. And so scanty is the portion of oil in the lamps, that hours before morning-light these streets are left in complete darkness. Do not the inhabitants of these streets pay their taxes as well as those inhabited by our gentry and more opulent tradesmen?—I believe they are as rigidly enforced from them. And have they not then as good a right to the attention of the lamp-lighter as their neighbours? But further, many of these back-streets contain ware-houses, in which property to a great amount is deposited. Neglect their lighting, and you invite the robber.—It is not two months since several offices were broken open and robbed; and there is every reason to suppose these thefts were perpetrated in the morning after the lamps had gone out.

One word more—the state of some of our streets during the frost has been dreadful—what holes in the path-way, occasioned by the thaws! and yet the Paving Board fined a number of poor men five shillings each, merely because they had used small picks to break the clods of ice!—*Quere.* To whom does the clearing the footway of the bridges belong? Of all other places the bridges ought surely to be the first attended to. Ashes strewed on them every morning would save many a broken leg—perhaps a fractured limb. CIVIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

THROUGH the medium of your Magazine, I beg leave to make a few observations. I shall only draw your attention to such subjects as force themselves on public notice, and becoming the duty of every one, are often neglected by all. Higher affairs I shall leave to those who are better able to discuss them—they are under the immediate eye of the legislature, and guarded by the talents of the country.

What I would refer to are not *ideal* rights or *imaginary* improvements, but branches of that order and regularity, which the law of the land has established for the present state of civilization.

Thirty years ago, excepting a few of the best streets, Dublin was neither paved nor lighted. An immense increase of population, and a liberal taxation, has in a few years nearly accomplished this great object, which our fore-fathers could scarcely have believed would have been the result of ages; as far as *money* could act upon externals we have partly gained our point—we have succeeded in making our City vie with London in outward appearances—but in every thing else we certainly come infinitely short of that great capital. Beggars, (I mean common street-walking imposters,) that invade every avenue and every door, are almost unknown in London, although their population is nearly treble ours.—Is beggary a better trade here? or are we less irascible in our tempers and more liberal in our donations? If so, the fault is in ourselves, and the remedy must be progressive—but this is to be doubted. I should think a *well-regulated* Police ought to take more cognizance of these things.

I do not wish to blame any individual or any body of men—let facts speak for themselves. I would not presume to make your Magazine the vehicle of my limited knowledge, and by that means draw a censure upon a deserving member of society, when it is my first wish to benefit the community at large; but I have been told by persons who are well informed upon the subject, that the magisterial department is upon as extensive and liberal a scale in this country as it is in England; why are not the same results the consequence?

Let us but take a view of an outrage that is daily practised against the best feelings of our nature—I mean the disgusting exposure of deformity, and mangled wretchedness, to enforce charity. It is unnecessary for me to tell you or the public the excess to which this has been tolerated—there is scarcely an individual but must have encountered this shameless violation of delicacy; it has become absolutely unsafe for females, in a state of pregnancy, to venture into the streets, particularly when alone. The fatal effects of a fright of this kind has come to my knowledge within these few days, occasioned by a woman, who says she has lately come out of the Lying-in-Hospital. I shall not shock your female Readers by a description of this circumstance, but hope the present hint will be sufficient to put them on their guard against similar attacks. The wretched sufferers are to be pitied;—but is it allowable in a civilized country like this, to make a horrid traffic of misfortunes that should be concealed from public view, for which there are a number of asylums?

At present I shall not enlarge upon this subject; but shall at some future period endeavour, by a fair statement of facts, to draw the attention of the public to these long-neglected and shameful abuses.

I am, Sir,
A Lover of Propriety.

MONTHLY NOTICES

OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

A new Anti-fuliginous System of Mr. William Pether, Architect, St. Michael's-hill, Bristol, addresses itself to the notice of the inhabitants of London, and of other large towns where smoke is plentiful, and coal fuel expensive. By this discovery, *fires are made to consume their own sooty smoke*—to preserve heat longer on its own level—to prevent the nuisance of smoaky houses—to clear the atmosphere—and to decrease the annual expence of coals. This important system is now ready for the adoption of the public, but, for necessary and prudential reasons, must remain useless to the community and the inventor, till sufficient patronage is found to warrant him in divulging the principle and practice of his invention to the world.

Public Steam Mills.—It appears from outlines of a plan for erecting public steam mills, to keep the price of flour at all times within a due proportion to the price of wheat, allowing a fair and handsome profit to the manufacturer, that the consumption of flour in London is 20,000 sacks per week, and that the late Albion Mills reduced the price of grinding from 3s. 6d. to 2s. 10d. per sack.

Vegetable Diet.—More than sixty individuals in London have for above three years subsisted wholly on vegetables, fruits, and distilled water, enjoying during that period robust health, and exemption from those maladies which, under the direction of Dr. Lambe led to their adoption of this simple regimen. The Editor of the Monthly Magazine, from considerations of a different nature, has abstained from all animal food for three and thirty years; but Dr. Lambe carries his abstinence still further, by abstaining from all stimulants which excite thirst, so that we are told he does not drink a pint of any liquid in a month. One of the disciples of Dr. Lambe, Mr. Newton, of Chichester-street, has published, under the title of "*A Return to Nature*," a very ingenious and able illustration of the system, which merits the notice of the inquisitive and philosophical part of the public.

The Farming Society.—The Dublin Spring Show, under the auspices of this Society, will take place in the last week of February; when the Premiums for Fat Cattle, Sheep, and Swine, will be competed for and determined; the ploughing match held; and 21 premiums decided for broad cloth of Merino wool, Merino cross, and South Down, Ryland, or Irish; for kerseymere, and pelisse cloth; for worsted web, worsted stockings, and yarn stockings; all and every pile of the wool, entering into the manufacture of these different fabrics must have been shorn in Ireland. The Society distribute one hundred ploughs (value *five guineas* each) at the reduced price of *three guineas* each, to farmers living actually by husbandry, and who shall be certified to be industrious and likely to make a proper use of them. They offer three premiums for seed tares, and one hundred pounds in three premiums for the cultivation of Fiorin. The Society hold out an invitation to landed proprietors to encourage, in their respective vicinages, the amelioration of the buildings, and the improved management of farms, by fences, draining, cleanliness and proper rotation of crops, recommending local societies, subscriptions, and premiums; and offering to associations so formed, their advice, countenance, and such a portion of pecuniary assistance as their fund will admit of. Without a constant rotation of green crops, the vast herds of cattle in Ireland may thrive and get fat in the summer months, but they waste away and die in winter, with the means of plenty around them.

Recipe to make Gall Mixture for the cure of Sprains, Bruises, &c.—One ox gall; four ounces of oil of turpentine; four do. linseed oil; two do. camphur; one pint of spirits of wine: mix and shake these ingredients together in a bottle. The mixture will retain its virtue for years. Shake the bottle when going to use it. The camphor will dissolve in a little spirits of wine, by bruising it in a mortar.

Literature, Science and the Fine Arts.

CRITICAL CATALOGUE OF NEW BOOKS:

WITH CHARACTERISTIC EXTRACTS.

Memoirs of GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, *Esq. late of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By* WILLIAM DUNLAP, *Esq. composed principally from personal knowledge, and MSS. left by* MR. COOKE. 2 *vols.* 8vo. *Price* £1 1*s. Colburn, London*, 1813.

BIOGRAPHY is usually entertaining and almost always instructive: but often good and bad are so equal in the character of the subject, that the preponderance of either can hardly be determined. Some men seem to be enslaved by great faults, almost as it were on purpose, that they should redeem themselves by great virtues; other men are all but perfect, did not certain defects detract notoriously from their conspicuous good qualities. But there are not a few, the causes of whose mischances in life lie so open as to excite wonder that ever they should have hoped to avoid those consequences which inevitably attend such vices.

There is something interesting in contemplating a man conscious of his defects, struggling against them. It is the first step on the road from vice, to virtue. Melancholy is it when in spite of repeated—but not continued struggles, we see the individual gradually becoming weaker and weaker, his resolution fainter and fainter, his reluctance less and less, till and length—facile is the descending road!—habit becomes confirmed, and no sense of propriety, of duty, of self preservation, proves sufficient to repel present misery, and to prevent the accessions of still greater sufferings. Nor can we peruse without interest, the history of a man, a known object of vice,—when we watch for those opportunities of forsaking a bad habit, which excite hope from change of scene, of company, and of course of life; from seeking better modes of enjoyment, and devising less objectionable means of gratification. But so it is, that the individual before us is the same in the country as in town, in America as in Britain: constantly aware of his failing, constantly forming determinations to amend, yet incessantly relapsing, and deterred not even by the approach of death itself.

It is satisfactory to know that the individual is convicted on his own authority. He kept journals—broken indeed, and with large intervals—in which we find him reasoning, remonstrating, resolving, confessing, vowing, abjuring, transgressing, and again repeating his transgression, by turns.

These volumes may advantageously review themselves. The author, Mr. Dunlap, became acquainted with Mr. Cooke in his latter days in America, and having obtained his journals from his widow, has been induced by friendship for the deceased, to arrange and publish them. Undoubtedly had the work originated in these countries, much of early anecdote might have been added; together with much more of the history of the British stage. Mr. Dunlap, however, has

executed his task respectably; and displays a knowledge considerably exceeding that, we presume, of Americans, in general.

This gentleman's sentiments are expressed in the following paragraph:

This journal has more the air of confession than any of Cooke's other diaries: he records the hours spent in drunkenness, and recurs to reflections on the weakness of his conduct, making a disgusting medley of vileness and moralizing. He exclaims, with thousands in like circumstances, when suffering brings unavailing repentance, "every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil." In a day or two after, I find he again did not withdraw until about four in the morning;" and the next day he lies in bed until six in the evening, and then goes to the theatre to play.

I would not dwell upon this part of Mr. Cooke's life, if I did not hope that some one, not yet irretrievably lost and brutified, may be rescued from destruction, by the example here placed before him, of noble talents perverted to the shame and destruct on of the possessor. Let the youth who takes delight in the fellowship of fiends at some "Kearney's," remember, that with talents far superior to his, Mr. Cooke could not, when he wished it, retrieve the moments he had misspent; and let him fly the temptation, before habit has strengthened its charms, and weakened its power of resistance.

Though in a great measure unavailing to himself, such reflection as the following may be serviceable to others. "A day, or a night, or both, consumed in conviviality (to speak softly), is often the occasion of many succeeding days and nights being spent in the same manner. Few, when the mind is dissipated, thought confused, nerves unstrung, and the whole frame weakened and agitated, can put a sudden stop to the flowing evil. 'To-morrow I will return to my duty.' To-morrow comes, and the ability to do well is lessened—on then to-morrow and to-morrow, until some fortunate or unfortunate event closes the period. I will not, I cannot, at this time, touch upon the many instances, when a fatal conclusion, by this rash, unthinking conduct, is put to fortune, reputation, and life."

One would think this were part of a sermon against drunkenness: unhappily like many other sermons its effect was lost on the sinner; and the man who could thus moralize, could also degrade himself, to a condition "beneath the brute creation;" of which we find in these pages a lively and striking instance.

Mr. Matthews, now and for some years a distinguished favourite with the London audience, at that time a very young man and actor, was a member of Daly's company, Crow-street theatre, and lodged in the same house with Cooke. One night, after play and farce, in the latter Matthews having played Mordecai to Cooke's Sir Archy, and to the satisfaction of the veteran, was invited by him to take supper in his room tete-a-tete, and drink whiskey punch. This high honour was gratefully received and accepted by the young comedian, who anticipated both pleasure and instruction from the society of this elevated actor. Supper over, and Cooke's spirit elevated, the fatigues of the evening were forgotten; he was pleased with this young companion, whose tongue, freed from all shackles by the smoking liquor glibly poured forth those praises which Cooke's superior talents prompted. One jug of whiskey punch was quickly emptied, and while drinking the second, George Frederick, in his turn, begins to commend young Matthews.

"You are young, and want some one to guide and advise you; take my word for it, there is nothing like industry and sobriety—Mrs. Byrn! Another jug of whiskey punch, Mrs. Byrn—you make it so good, Mrs. Byrn, another jug."

"Yes, Mister Cooke."

"In our profession, my young friend, dissipation is too apt to be the bane of youth—"Villanous company," low company, leads them from studying their business and acquiring that knowledge which alone can make them respectable."

Thus he proceeded drinking and uttering a vice (not the less valuable because in opposition to his own practice,) and assuring Matthews of his protection, instruction, and all his influence to forward his views, while the whiskey punch, jug after jug, vanished, and with it all semblance of the virtues so eloquently praised. Though maddened by the fumes of the liquor, the chain of his ideas continued still unbroken, and he began a dissertation on the histrionic art, proceeding from first principles to a detail of the mode of

exhibiting the passions, with a specimen of each by way of illustration.

It is impossible to describe, but the reader may perhaps imagine, the ludicrous effect of this scene. The power of the whiskey operating in diametric opposition to the will on his strong and flexible features, produced contortions and distortions, of which he was insensible, while Matthews sat gazing with astonishment, and at times in an agony, from the effort to restrain his risible faculties; but to add to his torture, Cooke began to question him, after each "horrible face," as to the meaning of it, or the passion expressed. Matthews, totally in the dark as to *Cooke's meaning*, made every possible mistake; and when set right by Cooke excused himself by charging his stupidity on the whiskey.

"There—what's that?"

"Very fine, Sir."

"But *what* is it?"

"O—anger—anger, to be sure."

"To be sure you're a blockhead—Fear, Fear, Sir!"

But when the actor, after making a hideous face, compounded of satanic malignity and the brutal leering of a drunken satyr, told his pupil that *that* was *Love*, poor Matthews could resist no longer, but roared with convulsive laughter.

Cooke was surprized and enraged at this rudeness in his young guest, but Matthews had address enough to pacify him.

Mistress Byrn, in the mean time, had protested against making any more whiskey punch, and had brought up the last jug, upon Cooke's solemn promise that he would ask for no more. The jug is finished; and Matthews, heartily tired, thinks he shall escape from his tormentor, and makes a move to go.

"Not yet, my dear boy, one jug more."

"It's very late, Sir."

"Only one more."

"Mistress Byrn will not let us have it."

"We'nt she? I'll shew you that presently."

Cooke thunders with his foot, and vociferates repeatedly, "Mistress Byrn!" At length honest Mrs. Byrn, who had got to bed, in hopes of rest, in the chamber immediately under them, answers,

"What is it you want, Mister Cooke?"

"Another jug of whiskey punch, Mistress Byrn."

"Indeed but you can have no more, Mister Cooke."

"Indeed but I will, Mistress Byrn."

"Remember your promise, Mister Cooke."

"Another jug of punch, Mrs. Byrn."

"Indeed, and I will not get out of my own bed any more at all, Mister Cooke, and so there's an end of it!"

"We'll see that, Mistress Byrn."

When, to Matthews' further astonishment, he seized the jug and smashed it on the floor over the head of Mistress Byrn, exclaiming, "Do you hear that, Mistress Byrn?"

"Yes I do, Mister Cooke."

He then proceeded to break the chairs, one by one, after each other, exclaiming, "Do you hear that, Mistress Byrn?" and receiving a reply.

"Yes I do, Mister Cooke, and you'll be very sorry for it to-morrow, so you will."

He then opened the window, and very deliberately proceeded to throw the looking-glasses into the street, and the fragments of broken tables and chairs. Matthews had made several attempts to go, and had been detained by Cooke: he now ventured something like an expostulation; on which his Mentor ordered him out of his apartment, and threw the candle and candlestick after him. Matthews, having departed, the wretched man sallied out, and was brought home next day, beaten and deformed with bruises.

The disgrace attending the notoriety of this transaction, drove him on to further mad intemperance: the stage was abandoned, and in a fit of drunkenness and despair, he enlisted as a private, in a regiment destined for the West-Indies.

To the West-Indies, however, he did not go: a fit of sickness, as might be expected, quickly took place, and he remained in England for more than a year altogether lost.

A series of imprudencies, more or less *fac similes* of this *rehearsal* led Cooke from place to place, into sickness, into prison. Compassion obtained for him his discharge from the ranks; from confinement for debt;—*management* decoys him across the Atlantic, and *management* ensures his departure. Here a new world opens; and here it might be hoped, if within the power of repentance, Cooke might begin a new life. But, the old fits return; admonition proves useless; his attachment to his vice enfeebles his powers; he gradually but ra-

pidly loses his strength, and at length falls a victim to intemperance. March 25th, 1812.

In these Memoirs, Cooke is said to have been born in Westminster, April 17, 1756. We beg leave to set Mr. Dunlap right in this particular. He was born in Dublin Barracks, in 1756, where his father who was a subaltern officer, was quartered at that time. He remained for more than two years in Ireland, when his father took him to London, where he remained till 1763, when he was placed at a school in the North of England, and remained there till 1771. These particulars we had from Cooke himself, when last in this country. His mind in early youth, was strongly bent to the theatre; and not being able to "raise the wind," he to obtain a sight of Macbeth *furtively*, hid himself in the thunder barrel; and "when the witches entered, midst flames of rosin, the thunder bell rang, the barrel received its impetus, and away rolled George Frederick, with his ponderous companions," four-and-twenty pounder cannon-balls, bearing the commission of the property-man to make a most tremendous report. Cooke was placed apprentice to a printer at Newcastle, and not at Berwick, as erroniously stated, but instead of being converted by the devils his companions, he contrived to associate them in the performance of his private theatricals.

This could not long continue.—The constables were called in to act their parts. Cooke's indentures were broken, and himself dismissed. Other efforts appear to have been made to divert his mind from the turn it had taken: he was tried in the navy, and went to Holland; to no effect. At length he assumed the sock and buskin in a strolling company. To what popularity he afterwards arrived we need not say.

It was in one of these vacancies when Cooke had no engagement, or recollected none that he had, he was met with at Liverpool by Mr. Cooper, a manager of American theatres. After a while, a bargain was struck; and by good fortune, combined with masterly manœuvres, Cooke was conveyed on board a vessel, which sailed that morning for the Transatlantic States. Whether it was the first time he had visited those states, it is not easy to say: when intoxicated he would relate how he had assisted in storming Bunker's-hill; and in other feats of arms adverse to the Americans. But who could credit the assertions of a madman? On this visit, however, throughout the American towns, where rumour had reported his powers, without stating all his propensities, his popularity was astonishing. The effects of it are thus described by his friend Mr. Dunlap.

After breakfast, on the morning of Saturday, walking past the theatre, I witnessed one of the scenes which daily took place in consequence of the attractions of the great actor. A throng of servants, porters, &c. surrounded and pressed upon the door; those nearest the box-office anxiously endeavouring to maintain the advantage their patience and perseverance had gained, and those behind sturdily pushing to gain the same enviable situation. At the moment, a brawney fellow elbowed his way from the crowd, and issued with a triumphant air, his face flushed, and his clothes disordered. An acquaintance met him with,

"Well, Charley! did you get one?"

"And to be sure I did."

"What box, Charley?

"My old box, No. 3, Don't I get it aitch time?"

"And were you up all night again?"

"To be sure I was. Don't you see my night-cap?" and Charley, with an air of exultation, took a handkerchief from about his brows, saying, as he went off, "Don't I get ten dollars, you tief, and my lodging found me for nothing?"

Such was the eagerness to get seats, that these sturdy blackguards were paid from six to ten dollars for securing a box;

and to make sure of the prize, the stone steps in front of the theatre were occupied all night, that the places nearest the door might be secured in readiness for it opening at ten o'clock the next day.

This was carried so far, that I have seen men sitting at the theatre door, eating their dinner, who had taken their post on Sunday morning, with a determination of remaining there all day on Sunday, and all Sunday night, to be ready for the opening of the door on Monday morning.

We did not know that the Americans had carried their *rage* for theatrical amusements to so great a height. Our readers will draw their own inferences from the fact. It seems to mark a state of society, differing essentially from that which prevailed some years ago. What might have been thought of it before the revolution, may be more readily conceived than described. Such, however, was the good fortune of Cooke.

A World without Souls. By J. W. CUNNINGHAM, *A. M. Vicar of* Harrow-on-the-Hill. 12*mo. pp.* 165. HATCHARD.

THIS is a religious treatise, in the thin transparency of a novel.—From page 63 to page 71 inclusive, is filled up with a Sermon, published as such, *bonâ fide*, on the text "Add to your faith, virtue." We cannot say that such flimzy disguises altogether please our taste. They remind us of a coarse and clumsy deception well known to and put in practice by shepherds. When an ewe has lost a lamb by premature death, these men strip the fleece off the carcase, and fasten it on the young of some other ewe, in order to induce the mourner to suckle the substitute. With the silly animal the imposture succeeds: Not so does it fare with man. We detect, we smile; we contemn, we are disgusted.

The following is a fair sample of Mr. Cunningham's dexterity in wielding the sharp two-edged sword of religious ridicule. Broad and ponderous as an old Scotch claymore, it appears a truly tremendous weapon; and is likely to prove dangerous in the hands of a weak and unskilful combatant.—A *contract* is conceived to have taken place between a human *soul* and a human *body!*

"It is stipulated on the part of the body: 1st, That although the soul dwell in the body, it shall never interfere with it in any of its enjoyments; for instance, in eating, drinking, and licentiousness, or indolence.—Agreed.

"2d, That the soul, as in the marriages of O. shall never shew itself in public with the body.—Agreed: if the body will at least once a year with its lips acknowledge the soul's existence in a church.

"3d That the soul shall never perplex the body in private.—Agreed.

"4th, That the body shall be suffered to sleep if the soul should be called upon to listen to sermons.—Agreed; if the body will keep watch should the soul also be disposed to sleep.—Amended, upon the suit of the body; if the soul may sleep full as often as the body.

"5th, That the soul shall not attempt to warp the body into any fanatical practices, such as prostration, kneeling, wiping away rouge, giving away money.—Not absolutely agreed; because by such external acts, much worldly reputation would accrue to both.

"6th, That the soul shall not employ the eyes of the body in reading the Bible.—Agreed; as the signing of this *contract* indisposes the soul as much as the body to the Bible.

"7th, That the soul shall take all the burden of religious duties upon itself.—Agreed; if the body will eat the bread at the sacrament, and kiss the book for a place under Government.

"8th, That the soul shall never disfigure the face of the body with a blush.—Agreed; when the soul shall be a little hackneyed in the ways of O.

"On these *conditions* the body consents to receive the soul into garrison."

The Reverend Author of this Treatise has unhappily brought the whole weight of his machine to play "*with slowly-swinging sweep and sway*" upon a great variety of foibles, follies, errors,

mistakes, modes, fashions, faults, vices, and crimes. For several of the former, it is too large, too cumbersome, and too heavy; for the latter, it is, in our decided opinion, unsuited and lamentably inefficient. He pursues butterflies, cockchafers, moths, hornets, and "fiery-flying scorpions," alike implacably, with an enormous Cossack's spear. He fatigues himself, and pains every good-humoured spectator of his gambols, with the violent awkwardness of his most laborious chace.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

OBSERVATIONS

IN REPLY TO STRICTURES ON WALTER SCOTT'S POETRY.

THE great Edmond Burke in his treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, has endeavoured to fix a standard for *taste*. How far he has been successful would admit of much contention: as applied to *poetry*, I believe the suffrage of the majority will be found the truest criterion. In no instance has a *poet* of mediocrity outlived his century, or extended his influence beyond the local boundary of a particular situation.

I have been induced to make these observations from reading an Essay in your last Month's Magazine, signed T. F. on the comparative merit of Mr. Scott's poetry. The writer will perceive from the foregoing remarks, that in the outline of our ideas on the subject we agree; that is, that adventitious circumstances may create an artificial fame, but by the operative power of true taste, it is always limited in its extent and duration. I also think it necessary to premise, that in comparing the merits of one writer with another, we should separate as much as possible the subject from the execution.—Neglecting this rule, there are many who look upon *Goldsmith* as a better *poet* than *Dryden* or *Pope*, and who consider the hymns of *Dr. Watts* as the best *lyrics* in the language. A very indifferent *poet* may be lucky in the choice of his subject, and *vice versa*.

I shall now apply myself particularly to your Correspondent.—His quotation from Dr. Johnson is unfair, as it borders on that arbitrary mode of criticism, in which Johnson himself was too fond of indulging. The writer terms him the greatest critic of modern times. To this, with some hesitation I say it, I cannot entirely agree.—Johnson, it is well known, was extremely prejudiced in many of his opinions, particularly in his "*Lives of the Poets*;"—and in conversation an avowed lover of opposition, arbitrary and overbearing. His life of *Milton* is a proof of the first, and his extemporaneous parodies and dogmatic witicisms are sufficient proofs of the latter. When some person in *Johnson's* presence took the liberty of admiring the spirited *line* which is put into the mouth of *Elizabeth*, in the play of the Earl of Essex,

"Who rule o'er freemen must themselves be free."

Johnson thus ridiculed it—

"Who drive fat oxen must themselves be fat."

as if there was no other meaning or beauty in the line; but the antithesis. An ingenious writer of the

present day, having occasion to speak of these kind of verses or parodies, says it is unnecessary to prove that they are not poetry, when in fact they are not sense.—Why take pains, *he continues*, to prove that an *ape* is not a *Newton*, when it is self-evident that he is not a man?

Johnson, by nature, had but little taste for poetry; he could perceive no beauty in the *Lycidas* of *Milton*, the sweetest *Doric* composition since the *Idylls* of *Theocrates*; and to *Grey's* animated versification he had a particular dislike. The *Elegy in the Country Church-yard*, he terms, "a lucky idea," and the best ode in the English language next to *Alexander's Feast*,

"Ruin seize thee ruthless king,"

begins, he says, with a useless alliteration, and an affected abruptness.

But to return to *Scott*.—Can the writer seriously apply a quotation of this kind to the powerful genius that has produced the "*Lay of the last Minstrel*,"—"*Marmion*,"—"*the Lady of the Lake*,"—"*Don Roderic*,"—and "*Rokeby*." It would be tedious to enter into the merits of all these poems, I shall, therefore, content myself by asking the writer of the Essay to point me out any other modern poem (I shall not in the present instance except *Lord Byron*) that could stand the test the Lady of the Lake has stood, in the dramatic dissection it has undergone, for public exhibition. His Don Roderic alone, if he had never written any thing else, must have established his fame as a genuine *poet*. It is one of the happiest efforts that ever was made on a local and immediate subject, and is supported throughout by a glow of language, and freedom of versification, almost unparalleled. We now come to the comparisons: between *Scott* and *Southey* the writer finds it hard to determine, but ultimately gives the preference to the latter.—This comparison is fair—they appear to be nearly on a level in what is called *genius*.

If the "Border Bard" is unfortunate in the historic epoch he has chosen to assimilate with his poetry, *Southey* is no less so in the monstrous improbabilities of his imagination. *Scott's* general characteristic is, energy and expression—the excellence of *Southey* assumes a general tone—the style of *Scott*, like the landscape he describes, is bold, uneven and abrupt. *Southey*, when he indulges us with simple Nature, is calm, dignified and luxurient.—With *Scott* we ascend the mountain-top, and the sublime cataract rolls beneath our feet, or the gloomy robber lurking in the glen, excites our strongest feelings:—in this *Southey* is every way his inferior; the shading of his pictures is entirely out of Nature. *Scott's* characters are semi-barbarians—but *history* has "given them a local habitation and a name."

Some of the beings that *Southey* has introduced, create a confusion in the mind even to conceive them. The "*Curse of Kehama*" is, I believe, allowed to be his best production—the poetic beauties, unconnected with the *fable*, are innumerable, but who can sympathise for a moment in the *action*, from the first *canto* to the last.

The writer now mentions *Campbell's* Gertrude, as belonging to *Scott's* school of poetry, (this I cannot perceive) and indirectly admires the "*Pleasures of Hope*."—Of Gertrude, I believe, there is but one opinion; that it is calculated to interest every class of readers. The defect of the *Plea-*

sures of Hope in my opinion is, that the author has not sufficiently generalised his ideas; a circumstance which the nature of the subject required; and his constant allusion to particular occurrences and historic events has destroyed the effect it is otherwise calculated to produce.

Crabb's poems have, with equal propriety and humour, been termed "work-house heroics"—a barren soil—which the strength of his genius has enabled him to cultivate to advantage. The rigidity of his subject has, however, excluded variety, and those nobler flights of the imagination, which from time immemorial have been associated with the name of poetry.

I shall now take my leave.—In classing Mr. *Phillips* and the Wanderer of Switzerland, with the names of *Scott*, *Southey*, *Campbell* and *Crabb*, the writer surely could not have consulted his cooler judgment. Such an opinion must be the dictate of unwarrantable prejudice on one side, or partiality on the other; and from the *amor patria* of Irishmen, and the honor of human nature, I am induced to place it to the latter account, as I understand both of these Gentlemen are our countrymen.

Y. Z.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

LEARNED MEN!

It is intolerable that this age of useful and experimental philosophy should still be deceived in its opinion of a species of literati, termed "*learned men*;" to whom this title is granted exclusively, to the injury of those who have a better claim to it.

I shall lay down two fundamental axioms,

Learning is the most estimable thing in the world.

Learning is the most ridiculous thing in the world.

These contradictory propositions are both equally true; thanks to the confused ideas which we attach to words, and our silly habit of speaking without sufficient attention to our expressions. The man who truly deserves the title of *learned*, is he who knows a number of useful things, which, properly digested by reflection, may strengthen his reason, and direct him more clearly in the performance of his duties; which, in a word, may teach him to pass his life with propriety and wisdom.—But he who, by old prescription, is in actual possession of the title of man of learning, is one who leads his understanding indiscriminately with the most useless fripperies of antiquity: he can give you the genealogy of every word—scarce a term in the language but has its birth from the Arabic, Chaldaic or Phœnician, and 'tis a great condescension when he admits a phrase of Grecian parentage. He corrects or spoils, just as it may happen, an obscure passage, and pores night and day over the inscription of a medal, which time seems to have spared only to set the school-man's wit on the rack. In short, he neglects to learn any thing which a rational man should know, that he may be admired for the knowledge of subjects of which the generality are ignorant; and which any man of common sense would willingly forget if he had ever learned.

The philosopher who labours to restore his reason to its primitive purity, and to deliver his senses from the bondage of passions and prejudices, is to him an object of sovereign contempt. He reckons as lost time, those hours which a wise man would spend in enquiring into the mutual duties of rational beings, and in assigning to them, principles founded in reason, and the true interest of creatures endowed with immortal souls. With my *man of books*, this is mere nonsense; it is much better to know exactly the cut of a Roman robe, or a quack mantle—what was the shape of Orpheus's lute and the number of its strings—how the nurses of Apulia reared their children—whether the Illiad be a confused heap of separate cantos, or a connected and continued composition—whether *poltroon* be derived from *poltice truncatus*—and through what course the particle *E* must be rolled, 'till, like a huge snow-ball, it collects vowels and consonants enough to compose the word *stranger*. This is the range of study he pursues in order to acquire an immortal reputation, and obtain a nook in the temple of fame, with the Scaligers, Bentleys, Casaubons, Daciers, and all the other literary men and women who have trifled away their existence in expounding obscurity and measuring syllables.

I would wish to reason a little with you, O ye illustrious Doctors! if I could discover in your productions the slightest glimmering of reason, and if your understanding were not buried under the "variæ lectiones," and the venerable ruins of antiquity: but as I despair of convincing, permit me to tell you a story that may instruct you, if you will deign to cast on the columns of a Magazine, those eyes accustomed to such ponderous folios, as would frighten any reader less laborious than yourselves.—Alexander, with the exception of his crotchet of conquering, wanted not good sense; he loved the arts and sciences, and all who were distinguished by their talents, might find in his court an asylum against Fortune; who, even then, was at war with Wit. A Virtuoso came one day to make before him an exhibition of a wonderful art which he had just discovered—he had acquired by long study and laborious practice, the rare talent of casting a grain of millet through the eye of a bodkin*—and he now came to a full display of his powers before the Macedonian court.—The monarch was struck with admiration, and the artist was counting his thousands by anticipation; when the king presented to him a bundle of bodkins (I am walking on treacherous ground; spare me, ye learned!) and a sack of millet; with an exhortation to pursue his studies to the perfection of so invaluable an art. Such was the recompense which Alexander awarded to an invention, which, however curious in itself, was of no utility to mankind.—I have told you here nothing but what you all knew before; but, in reading this story, has it ever occurred to you that it was to yourselves that Alexander presented the corn and bodkins? and that the very turn of study which provoked the contempt and railling of the witty conqueror is (properly speaking) exactly your own?—all the difference that I can perceive is, that it requires a peculiar dexterity to execute the plan of this *projector*; whereas any block-head is just as well qua-

* I cry your mercy, Gentlemen, perhaps 'twas a needle—the maker is worth your learned inquiry—if a needle, it must have been a packing needle.

lified as you are to read night and day, and to make as monstrous a collection of remarks and extracts on subjects equally useful.—Tell me, in the name of common sense, what advantage do we draw from your toilsome lucubrations? Can I find in your writings any thing which will improve my mind, make my soul more rational, or my heart more virtuous?—Can a king learn from them the art of governing his people, like a prudent and tender parent? Can a subject learn from thence a proper obedience to the commands of his prince? Do ye instruct a father how to form the hearts and minds of his children, on whom he founds his fondest hopes? Finally can men acquire from your labours the art of finding their happiness in themselves, and to demand it from their reason as a fund which Providence has entrusted to it?—Think, think, have ye received this precious gift of reason in order to expend a short life in commenting on Aristotle, and contracting from the recesses of antiquity, that rust which obscures all your better faculties.

Take my word for it, man was never created to find a mysterious import in the visions of poetry, or to rescue from embarrassment the periods of Horace and Pindar. It requires no great effort of reason to perceive that my censure is well founded: and I would exhort you to emply whatever little remains of good sense your studies may have left—in anxious endeavours to acquire a more solid and profitable mode of thinking and acting. Let it not be conceived that I hate literature. No, I only censure the abuse of it. I would know history, that I may reflect on the conduct of men, and draw from their prudence or temerity, lessons of salutary precaution for the direction of my life. I stand in need of a general knowledge of the manners and customs of the ancients, that I may not be at a loss every moment in perusing their works. An acquaintance with the languages is necessary for nearly the same reason. I read their poetry because I admire the elegance of their wit, the sublimity of their sentiments, the grandeur of their imagination, the strength of phrase, and harmony of cadence. In a word I would wish to add some solid advantage to my reading, or at least some rational pleasure;—and not to toil and exhaust myself over the obscurity of a passage, which when cleared up, may it offer as the reward of my trouble some trite and vulgar thought, or some absurd proposition too monstrous for common sense to swallow.—Perhaps at some future time I may return to this subject which is by no means exhausted.

GEOFFREY DOWN-RIGHT.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC OF MERIT.

"*A collection of French Airs, with Symphonies and Accompaniments,*" *by* MR. CLIFTON; *the words chiefly from Floriana Romana of Estehei.* Price 15s.

The mode and general merit of this work is entitled to our favourable report; the airs have been selected with judgment, and most of the accompaniments adapted to the simplicity of their style; we think some rather defective for the generality of amateurs. A preferance would have been given in the first song, (*Colin se plaint,*) to a similar accompaniment in the right hand to the one commencing the symphony in the left; we think it would be more in character; *a Julia,* requires a similar accompa-

niment. The work consists of eleven songs, three duets, and thirteen airs. The first duet "*Mon Cœur avoit Heroin*," (which is a pleasing specimen of French music,) is unaccompanied, for what reason we cannot judge. The whole seems to have been brought out rather hastily, as there does not appear a Piano Forte, or mark of expression, in any one of the songs or duets, (except the last "*Le Temo*,") and the airs, many of which are beautiful.

Much credit is due to Mr. Power for the superior way in which he has presented this collection to the public. A work of this description was much wanted, and we are happy to find a second number about to be published.

"*A celebrated Bugle Andante*," *composed and arranged for the Piano Forte, by* J. B. Logier. Price 2s. 6d.

The subject is pleasing and the variations ingenious; but *alla Latour* throughout. Why a gentleman of Mr. Logier's talent should take Mr. Latour for his example, we are at a loss to know.

1. Var. a pleasing specimen of Syncopatation.
2. Harpegio.
3. Trebelera.
4. Crossing hand.
5. Exercise for the Left Hand.
6. Brilliancy.

The whole is highly creditable to Mr. Logier's talents as a Piano Forte composer.

"*A celebrated English Military Air*," *arranged with Variations for the Piano Forte, by* J. B. Logier. Price 2s. 6d.

This air we recognise by the name of the "British Grenadiers," which affords great scope for musical arrangements. Mr. Logier has done it ample justice. In page 3, bars 5 and 6, we cannot avoid noticing the consegutive 5th; we should have preferred to have heard the 8th in the unaccented part of bar 5, to have prepared the ear for the following one; exclusive of which the appearance is against it. The second variation is brilliant; the 3d and last particularly so, from the masterly contrivance of the bass. The seventh, *alla Wolfie*. We consider Mr. Logier happy in this style of arrangement.

The popular air of "*Kitty of Coleraine*," *arranged with Variations for the Piano Forte, by* R. Bowden. Price 2s. 6d.

This beautiful Irish air, (which has been so frequently arranged in various shapes,) has particular claim to our notice. Mr. Bowden has given the thema in its native purity, and arranged the variations in an animated and masterly way; the 1, 4, 5, and 6 particularly so; a little too much *alla Latour*. The minor cantibile forms a pleasing contrast, and is well conceived.

"*As some sad Turtle*," By Miss Bennet.—Price 2s.

Justly to adapt music to poetry, or in other words, writing a song, it is essentially necessary that the composer makes himself *perfectly* acquainted with his author—chooses a proper measure—assists the emphatic words as much as possible, by letting them fall on the *accented* part of the measure, *ascending* or *descending* the scale; and lastly, proper choice of harmony.

A vocal composition that does *not* possess these requisites, has no claim whatever to that title.

The measure of the present song, which is 3-4, *should have been* 2-4;—the words, *therefore*, with very *few* exceptions, are almost entirely wrong *accented*—for ex-

ample, the words in page 1—"*as some sad Turtle*"—AS SOME should have fallen on the *unaccented* part of the measure, the word SAD being the emphatical, must fall on the *accented*. The same impropriety occurs with the words "*his lost love deplores*"—HIS, is unaccented—LOST LOVE accented. In page 4, bars 1 & 5—*his lost*—and, AND WITH are still *more* liable to censure. An *improper* progression occurs in page 4, between the *last* bar and the *beginning* of the next page. The author commences page 5 with a strain both pleasing and just, by the introduction of the minor 3d. The harmony of the 5th bar, page 5, has been quite misconceived by the writer; the chord which is intended for the 3d inversion of the flat 7th, has been most *uncharitably* STRIPPED of all its clothing, and seems to howl in this deplorable state of nudity most pitiously for REDRESS.

Doubling disonances, even *once*, is never permitted, when the harmony proceeds in *three* parts; but to double the disonances 3 times, in the *same* harmony, particularly in the *highest* and *lowest* part of the chord, is transgressing *all* the laws of harmony and composition.

We would recommend the addition of the tonic and fundamental 5th, and the *suppression* of the disonances altogether, *except* in the vocal part.

"*Blewitt's Jig*," by Mr. COOKE.

This celebrated jig has been arranged by Mr. Cooke with considerable effect. The introduction is majestic, and were we inclined to be fastidious, we might add, rather *too much so*, for what it professes to introduce. The last chord in bar 8, page 1, would have appeared more regular had the fundamental 3d been introduced. The jig is exceedingly lively and animating, possessing all those admirable traits of originality of style, with which writings of this class are seldom overburdened.

Mr. B. has evinced in the present instance (though trifling when compared with his other productions) a portion of fancy, which does him credit; neither has Mr. Cooke in the arrangement been neglectful of doing that justice to the subject, to which it is most certainly entitled.

"*Cossack Rondo*," by Mr. BLEWITT. Price 2*s*.

The introduction begins in a pastoral style and ends in the military—a picturesque and well-conceived idea of the Cossack.—Did Mr. Blewett intend doubling the disonance G in page 1, bar 13?—Was it oversight?—Or a mistake of the engraver? Composers are to blame in not paying sufficient attention to the correction of their works—it would prevent all ambiguity with respect to their intentions.

The style of the Rondo is of that light and airy description, which generally interests that class of performers *most*, whose ideas assimilate to such compositions. We are sorry to find Mr. Blewitt permitting his talents to fall so low; *we say sorry*, because he condescends to exert them in the present instance, more for the emolument of the music-seller, than any gratification *he* can experience in writing them, or the judicious in receiving pleasure from their perusal.

In our next we shall illustrate our observations, and expatiate more fully on this subject. Indeed we conceive it our duty to do so, in consequence of the offence which a number of our Correspondents have taken at our refusal of reviewing their works. This refusal proceeded from the best possible

motives, *delicacy*—in not wishing to expose faults, perhaps, which good sense and experience would eradicate—for we are determined to do justice to every candidate for musical fame, to the best of our abilities, without regard to persons.

"*The Wild Bugle*," by Mr. Blewitt. Price 2s.

This song has been introduced and sung by Mrs. Cooke, in the Opera of the Devil's Bridge, with considerable effect. The *melody* is pleasing, and the enlivening strains of the *Wild Bugle* well conceived by the composer in page 4, bars 20 to 23, where the voice continues to sustain the sound G. We are again *obliged* to notice several typographical faults. *Why* is this permitted by the author?

"*The Irish Oak*," by Mr. F. Southwell, the words by Mr. Kertland. Price 2s. 2d.

The poetry of this song does Mr. Kertland very great credit. The *animating* and *patriotic* description of the Irish Oak, will always ensure it that applause, to which it is so justly entitled. The music is pleasing, and possesses a considerable deal of fire. We must, however, remark, that the first 4 bars, page 2, is an evident *imitation* of Mr. Braham's celebrated song of "*When Vulcan forged the Bolt of Jove*," and the succeeding 4 bars, that of "*Old Towler*," by Mr. Shield. Page 1, bars 12 and 13, the progression of the harmony is objectionable. The bass and harmony should be

6						6		
4						4		
3	6	6				3	6	
F	D	E	B		C	D	E	

Upon the whole, we are much pleased with the composition, and shall feel happy in seeing Mr. Southwell often.

"*My Henry is gone*, by Sir J. Stevenson. Price 2s. 2d.

The melody of this song is pretty, but in point of variety, very deficient. Sir John remains firm in the original key; *nay*, not even the harmony of the dominot has been introduced. *The* monotonious effect which strikes the ear by this mode of writing, ought to be carefully avoided. *Light* and *shade* are *absolutely* necessary to cause interest in every work, no matter how *trifling* soever—for example, the words in page 2, bar 4, "*The Fields and the Vallies are gaily array'd*," might have been very effectively contrasted by the relative minor, with the words in bar 8—"*But my Henry is gone and left me forlorn*"—an irregular progression occurs in page 1, bar 2. Let D in the treble be changed for F, and the progression will be found just, producing the chord of the 9th. The following bar is also somewhat objectionable.

We shall notice the following in our next number:

Bunting's "*Irish Melodies*."

"*Fresh and strong the Breeze is blowing*," by Mr. Warren.

"*Miller and his Men*;" music by Bishop.

"*Battle of Vittoria*;" by J. B. Logier.

"*Prince Regent's Grand March and Waltz*;" by J. Blewitt.

"*Of all the Airts the Wind can Blow*;" a much admired air, harmonized for three voices, by B. Reigol.

"*The Emperor Alexander's Grand Waltz*;" by Blewitt.

"*Fifth Number of Melodies*," by Sir J. Stevenson.

"*Strains of other Days*," by J. B. Logier.

In the Press, 12 English and Scotch Ballads, arranged for 3 female voices, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte or Harp, by John Elliot.

VARIETIES,

LITERARY AND SPECULATIVE.

Ancient Library.—The most important event to classical literature that has occurred for some time, is the discovery of an ancient library at Glogau, Germany. In the course of the last year a religious society was dissolved in that city, and its collection of books and manuscripts transferred to Breslau by order of the King of Prussia. Professor Schneider is employed in examining and arranging these treasures. It appears that the manuscripts are in number five hundred; three hundred of which are decretals, papal bulls, and directions for ceremonial observances of the rest; sixty are classical, but all Latin.—Amongst the latter is a manuscript of Cicero, which though of no very ancient date, (perhaps no earlier than the twelfth century) has evidently been transcribed from an original much more perfect than any hitherto known to be in existence.—Of this, only the treatise *de Natura Deorum*, has at present been collated by Professor Heidderman, of Breslau, for the use of his pupils. The readings which it exhibits are excellent, and the lacunæ are all supplied. A new edition of Cicero's works is in contemplation, of which this valuable manuscript will be the basis.

Minute Writing.—The Iliad of Homer, in a nutshell, which Pliny says Cicero once saw, it is pretended might have been a fact, however to some it may appear impossible. Ælian notices, an artist who wrote a distich in letters of gold, which he inclosed in the rind of a grain of corn.

Antiquity, and modern times record many such penmen, whose glory consisted in writing in so small a hand, that the writing could not be legible to the naked eye. One wrote a verse of Homer on a grain of millet, and another more indefatigably trifling, transcribed the whole Iliad onto so confined a space, that it could be inclosed in a nutshell. Menage mentions, he saw whole sentences which were not perceptible to the eye without a microscope; and pictures and portraits, which appeared at first to be lines and scratches thrown down at random; one of them formed the face of the Dauphiness, with the most pleasing delicacy and correct resemblance. He read an Italian poem, in praise of this princess, containing some thousands of verses, written by an officer in the space of a foot and a half. This species of curious idleness has not been lost in our own country; about a century ago, this minute writing was a fashionable curiosity. A drawing of the head of Charles I. is in the library of St. John's College, at Oxford. It is wholly composed of minute written characters, which at a small distance, resemble the lines of engraving. The lines of the head, and the ruff, are said to contain the book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer.*

A Life of James II. King of England, collected out of Memoirs written with his own hand; his advice to his Son: and Will, dated November 17, 1688; are printing, under the superintendance of the Rev. J. S Clarke, L. L. D. F. R. S. Historiographer to the King, librarian to the Regent. The manuscript from which the first of the above works will be printed, extends to four thick folio volumes, and is thought to have been written by Mr. Thomas Innys, one of King James's Secretaries, about the year 1707. The "Advice" will be printed from a manuscript, in a thin quarto volume. They formed part of the private papers of the Pretender, and were found by his daughter, the Duchess of Albany, in her father's library at Florence, whence they were removed to Rome, by the Abbe Waters, Procurator General of the English Benedictines, and were lodged in the Chancery. At her death, the papers having been bequeathed to him in her will, of which he was executor, he conveyed them to his own house. In 1804, in consequence of the communication of the above facts by the Editor of the London Monthly Magazine, to the late Mr. Fox, that gentleman moved the Prince of Wales to purchase the collection, when the Abbe Waters engaged to give up all the original papers of the Royal House of Stuart, in his possession. They were accordingly brought from Rome, by Mr. Bonnelli, and are now in the library at Carlton House.

Lady Morgan, who has so often gratified the public under the name of Miss Owenson, has in the Press a national tale, in the manner of her Wild Irish Girl.

Miss Edgeworth announces a new novel, under the title of "Patronage."

Miss Porter will speedily publish a new novel, under the title of the "Pastor's Fireside."

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* What will our valued Correspondent, GEOFFREY DOWN-RIGHT say, (see p. 226) on the perusal of this?—EDITOR.

Miscellanea.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

IRISH SHANDEANS.

IT is with families as with empires. Their proudest distinctions are but too often sacrificed to convenience, fashion, or intrigue.—The immortal author of Tristram was an Irishman; so was his hero. He was an O'Shandy, of the county of Tipperary; but, like too many of his countrymen, becoming ashamed of what he ought to have been proud, he erased the O' from his name, that he might the better pass for an Englishman.—'Tis thus that the infidel wipes his baptismal mark from his fore-head, that *he* may pass through life for a philosopher.

"This is a deadly want of all that is manly; aye, and *native* too, in the human character, (said Mr. O'Shaughnessy,) and every spark of virtue in old Ireland must cry out *oh!* at it."

Dr. Drumdawdle, (giving three distinct taps with his fingers on the lid of his snuff-box) cast around him one of those self-important glances which idiocy ever betrays, when the repose of folly is awakened by the voice of prejudice.

"These excrecencies on the body politic are produced by obstructions in the system; in removing them, health is consulted. The enlightened mind, dwelling in the overflowing tide of rapture, looks forward to the jubilationary day when every invidious distinction—"

"Please your honor, then (vociferated honest Larry O'Chree,) and is not that a very odious distinction which prevents one Irishman from answering another when he runs down his own dear country?

"True, (said Mr. O'Shaughnessy, striking the floor with his cane) there are certain memorials of antiquity, dear to every nation which boasts an origin beyond that of yesterday.—They cling around the heart—they fasten to the affections—they are associated with existence—they are dear to every human recollection—they unite inseparably with the man, as the O' to your own name, my honest Larry."

"Now I take it, (replied Larry) that an Irishman has at least as much of this as most men."

"True; true indeed (rejoined Mr. O'Shaughnessy), and it is the spring of many of his virtues.—The descendant of a remote and noble ancestry cannot easily be brought to commit a mean action—nor the possessor of so many naturally great qualities to commit a wicked one."

"Yet have there been Irishmen who have committed both," (observed Bob Smatter—sipping his coffee).

"——Yes— (added O'Shaughnessy)—or else Irishmen must cease to be human beings.—It is not that we, for a moment, suppose the mental or corporeal construction of an Irishman different from the rest of his species: Ardent in his virtues, he is glaring in his follies—and the same quality will naturally render him desperate and determined when plunged in vice. But from the prince to the peasant among us—from the most wise and enlightened down to the most ignorant and bothered—there exists the strong corrective of HONOR.

—These half-reasoning animals, a constitutional bias to the right, which makes Pat.'s actions often glorious.—sometimes good.—and never contemptible.—An Irishman may be dreaded by some—he may be avoided by others—but he is seldom to be despised by any man."

J. B.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

THE SELECTOR, No. I.

Maxim on Time.

Redeeming the Time.—Paul.

TIME is like a creditor, who allows an ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last.

Time is like a verb, that can only be used in the present tense.

Time well employed gives that health and vigour to the soul, which rest and retirement afford to the body.

Time never sits heavily on us, but when it is badly employed.

Time is a grateful friend, use it well, and it never fails to make a suitable requital.

Innocent Impiety.—M. De La Hire, a French General in the reign of Charles VI. before a battle, prayed to God, that God would give him the victory, as he would give the victory to God, if he were De La Hire.

Camden gives us an epitaph inscribed on the tomb of Martin Eltingbrod, which surpasses the above in absurdity:

"Here lig I, Martin Eltingbrod;
"Have mercy on my soul, Lord God,
"As I would do, if I were God,
"And thou wert Martin Eltingbrod."

Herbelot, in his treatise of oriental literature, notices the prayer of a Turkish Captain, which ends thus: "O Almighty God, I thy servant do never forget thee, so do thou please sometimes to remember me."

Anecdote of Peter the Great, Czar of Russia.—Peter the Great being one day invited by one of his nobles at his country seat, to go out a hunting, "You may hunt Sir, if you please," replied the Monarch, "but a King ought never to allow himself that amusement as long as he has one factious subject within the kingdom, or one powerful enemy without it."

Epitaph,

In the Church-yard of Ormmingham in the County of Norfolk.

Sacred to the memory of Thomas Jackson*, comedian, who was engaged Dec. 21st, 1741, to play a comic cast of characters in this great Theatre, The World, for many of which he was prompted by nature to excel. The season being ended, his benefit over, the charges all paid, and his accounts

* This performer belonged to the Norwich company of comedians; and in 1777, and two or three seasons after, was engaged by Mr. Colman, at the Theatre, Hay-market

closed, he made his exit in the tragedy of Death, on the 17th of March, 1798, in full assurance of being no more called to rehearsal; where he hopes to find his forfeits all cleared, his cast of parts bettered, and his situation made agreeable by him who paid the great stock debt for the love he bore to performers in general. J. B.

(*For the Monthly Museum.*)

A CURIOUS BILL OF FARE IN THE YEAR 1561 —*TEMP. ELIZ.*

William Muigay, Esq. Mayor of the city of Norwich, his expences for a dinner, at which he feasted the Duke of Norfolk, &c. the Lords, Knights, and Gentry of the county.

	£.	d.
Eight stone of beef, at fourteen pounds to the stone,	5	4
Ten collars of brawn,	1	4
Four geese,	1	4
Eight pints of butter,	1	6
A fore quarter of veal,	0	10
A hind quarter ditto,	1	0
A leg of mutton,	0	3
Loyn of mutton & shoulder of veal,	1	0
A breast and coast of mutton,	0	7
Six plovers,	1	0
Four brace of partridges,	2	0
Four couple of rabbits,	1	8
Two Guinea pigs,	1	0
Four couple of hens,	2	0
Two couple of mallards,	1	0
Thirty-four eggs,	1	0
Two bushels of flour,	1	6
Sixteen loaves of white bread,	0	6
Eight wheaten bread,	0	9
Three loaves maslin ditto,	0	3
One barrel double beer,	2	6
One ditto small ditto,	1	0
One quarter of wood,	2	2
Nutmegs, mace, cinnamon, and greens,	0	3
Four pounds of rasberries and sugar,	1	6
Fruit and almonds,	0	7
Sweet water and perfumes,	0	4
Sixteen oranges,	0	2
Two gallons of white wine and claret,	2	0
One quart of sack,	0	9
One quart of malmsey,	0	5
One quart of bastard,	0	3
One quart of muscodine,	0	6
	£1	18 1

A speech made by Jonny Marlyn, of Norwich, a wealthy, honest man, after Mr. Mayor Muigay's dinner. Found in the collection of one Turner, of Lyn Regis.

Maister Mayor on Norwych; and it please your worship, you have feasted us like a king; God bless the Queen's grace. We have fed plentifully, and now whilome I can speak plain English, I heartily thank you, Maister Mayor, and so do we all. Answer, boys, answer; your beer is pleasant and potent, and will soon catch us by the caput, and stop our mangers; and so huzza for the Queen's Majesty's grace, and all her bonny browed dames of honour! Huzza for Maister Mayor, and our good Dame Mayoress! It is his noble grace; there he is, God save him and all this jolly company! To all our friends round county, who have a penny in their purse, and an English heart in their boddies, to keep out Spanish dons, with their faggots to burn our whiskers.—Shove it about; twirl your cap-cases, handle your jugs, and huzza for Maister Mayor, and his brethren their worships.

The following lines were for a century over the commandments in a country church, before the meaning was discovered:

P'RS'V'R' Y' P'RF'CT M'N.
'V'R K'P TH'S' PR'CPTS T'N.

By putting the vowell E to the dotted vacancy, it will be found to be

Persevere ye perfect men.
Ever keep these precepts ten.

SIMON SYMPATHY.

(FOR THE MONTHLY MUSEUM.)

THE LATE SIR JOHN MOORE.

A FRAGMENT.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a Man!*—SHAKESPEAR.

* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * When, as a boy, I read the glorious deeds of heroes in other times, how would my heart beat with rapture when I found talent crown'd with success; and how often have I shed a tear when I learnt that some bright genius had fall'n a sacrifice to the folly and misconduct of others.—Such tears, sons of Caledonia, will your children's children shed, when an impartial writer shall lay before their eyes the merits of one of your regretted sons of honour and renown; and low are laid the heads of those who led him to the toils, in which he fell nobly striving to disengage himself; and men, unbiassed by party, shall speak the plain and simple truth. As a man, he was the ornament of the society in which he mix'd—as a soldier, he was an honor to the profession; never was an eye more keen to discern merit or punish negligence; and the meanest under his command had only to deserve, to ensure his protection and regard.—But he is no more—as his life was honourable, so was his death glorious.—In a distant land he lies, yet ere I die, I hope to shed a tear upon the marble that covers his remains. RODERICK.

(*For the Monthly Museum.*)

OF PRIVATE REVENGE AND PUBLIC JUSTICE.

REVENGE is that base passion of the mind that delights in repaying injury for injury, and is ever found where the weakest head and rottenest heart reside. That breast where it inhabits, like a furious hurricane, suffers one continual tempest, which often rages to that excessive height, as to destroy its owner's fabric. To receive an injury and not to revenge it, is by some, who do not thoroughly consider it, accounted pusillanimous: but if to punish an injury be esteemed a brave action, how much braver is it to forgive it? True fortitude consists in a generosity of soul, that pities the natural failings and weaknesses of our fellow-creatures, and, like heaven, spares and forgives them. What a degree of happiness even this world would afford if that one base passion, revenge, was banished from the human breast; paradise would at present be in part restored, and man be made almost an angel; instead of that tormenting fury of the mind, sweet melodious love would charm his ravish'd soul to

rest, and create a heaven within him; not a serene calm, after a long raging tempest, is to the desponding mariner half so rejoicing; not gay, smiling health, to a body long harassed by some cruel disease, is half so delightful, as the sweet peace that happy mind enjoys, from whence that harpy, that devoured all his ease, is chased away by reason's light and balmy love.

Tho' revenge, or returning injury for injury, be in private life so base a passion, and so hurtful to human society, yet it loses its nature and its name, when our country is injured and abused. Revenge then becomes one of the cardinal virtues, and is called *Justice*, which is to every nation the sure foundation of its true happiness. Justice is the band of human society, the chief guard and security of every man's life and property; the sacred law or *Magna Charta* of mankind. Justice is the maintaining or preserving perfect order, which is the chain of right reason, the grand cement of the whole creation, the beauteous cause of the blissful harmony of the universe. If Justice therefore in any kingdom or nation, be either perverted or obstructed, disorder must naturally be introduced; the greater the perversion or obstruction, the greater the chaos or confusion of its affairs. Justice, like the clear shining stream, that enriches the verdant ground thro' which it gently flows, protects and nourishes that happy land where she resides; but if she be perverted or obstructed, then, like a great river, obstructed in its course, overflowing its banks, drowns and destroys the fruits of those lands she was intended to cherish and promote. No nation can expect to be happy, except justice be impartially executed to all orders and degrees of her people; hence the absolute necessity of calling her ministers to a just account; for if the fountain-head be foul, how should its streams be pure? if the ministry of any nation be corrupt and evil, they will of course, like common thieves, who, to strengthen and secure themselves, distribute some share of the spoils to all the gang, endeavour to make all the people so, by diffusing their spirit of corruption and venality thro' the nation; and as we see it too common in private life, when one man has injured another, instead of repenting, he repeats his blows, with intention to render the injured incapable of returning the injury; so a ministry, who have long plundered and abused a state, will to secure themselves, endeavour to put it out of the people's power to call them to an account, by introducing arbitrary and despotic power. As the enamoured youth pants for his absent fair, as the fettered prisoner longs to throw off his galling chains, and as the parched, sun-burnt ground, gapes for the kind, refreshing shower, so an injured nation, that is denied, thirsts after justice. F.

(*For the Monthly Museum.*)

THE EFFECT WHICH CLIMATES HAVE UPON MEN, AND OTHER ANIMALS.

THE climate of Italy has, for several ages, been different from what it was in the times of the ancient Romans. Those sharp winters of which the ancients complained, are felt there no longer; their rivers are now no where seen frozen over, as in the times of Ho-

race, the fens of Ostia and Otranto being dried up: and the appearance of volcanoes and mines of arsenic serve to evince, that the country now is warmer than it was about two thousand years ago. Need we then be at such a loss to account for the different manners of the ancient Romans and modern Italians? a warm country ever producing an effeminacy of manners among the inhabitants.

But if Italy be grown more warm than it was some ages ago, we shall find other countries more cold.—Iceland, and the northern parts of Siberia were temperate enough formerly to produce large trees in great abundance; as they are found to this day, if the inhabitants dig beneath the surface of the earth: at present they are hardly capable of producing the moss stunted shrubs. From hence we see the reason why the ancient Scythians were so much superior to the modern Siberian Tartars. The Scythians, though they lived in the same country, probably enjoyed a milder climate, and were therefore brave, well-shaped, and enterprising: the modern Siberians, on the contrary, are dwarfish, cowardly, and insolent to the last degree: extreme cold producing the same inconveniencies with extremity of heat.

But countries themselves have not suffered such alterations as the inhabitants, who are transplanted from one climate to another. The Turks, who are the true descendants of the Scythians, properly so called, within these two centuries have not only begun to divest themselves of their ferocity, but have also departed from their original valour. They themselves scruple not to acknowledge this great difference between them and their ancestors: so that even a second time Greece has enervated its conquerors.

The Dutch colonists at Batavia seem to have quite forgot that parsimonious diet, and simplicity of manners, for which they have been remarkable in the other hemisphere, adopting all the luxurious manners of the Asiatics. After two or three generations at farthest, the blood loses its primitive qualities, and those of the climate manifest themselves in men, animals, and plants.

The Galatians, a colony of the hardy Gauls, lost all their original fierceness from a residence in the indulgent climates of Lesser Asia. The consul Memmius, seeing his soldiers terrified at the name of Gauls, encouraged them by justly observing, that the Galatians, softened by the luxuriancy of their country, no longer bore any resemblance to their intrepid ancestors.

Even the inhabitants of some of our own British colonies are said to suffer a change of character, consequent on this diversity of climate, and from being pensive, modest, and frugal, become vindictive, hasty, and profuse.

The effect of climates on the mind is by no means so striking as their apparent alterations on the body. The descendants of two Laplanders, who, with their wives, were brought into Denmark by the king's order, meliorate in their stature and beauty in every generation; so that there are now some of their posterity, who, without mixing with the Danes, are however tolerably handsome.

The blackness which we find in the inhabitants between the tropics and elsewhere is merely the effect of climate. Those Arabians, who travelled from their native country, and planted themselves on the western coasts of Africa about three hundred years ago, are now grown, without any intermixture

with the inhabitants, almost as black as the aborigines of the country. It may perhaps be asked, why the natives of America, who live in the same latitude, are not also black? but this doubt is obviated by the first paragraph, which plainly proves, that countries lying under the same latitude, may enjoy a very different climate; since there is shewn a country, whose climate is different from that which it was formerly known to have.

Let us then be contented in accounting for the variety of the human species, to attribute it to the diversity of climate alone. It is this which may truly be said to place the distinction between the tall German and the inhabitant of Greenland but four feet high. It is climate alone which tinctures the negroes skin; that makes the Italians effeminate, and the Briton brave.

Even other animals change their nature as well as men. On the coast of Guinea, where dogs are carried in considerable numbers, as they serve for food to the barbarous natives, the spaniel and the grey-hound, the lap-dog and the mastiff, after a few descents, lose every distinction, and become an animal with pricked ears, and a rough skin, somewhat resembling a wolf. Let us wisely respect those dispensations of nature, which thus adapts the inhabitant to the soil, and makes the rudest climates most agreeable to its proper natives.

T. B.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

From La Belle Assemble.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The weather has been so extremely severe, that our fair pedestrians have made little change in their habiliments. The Divonne mantle and hat, is the only elegant novelty we have noticed; the materials of which this mantle is composed render its military appellation very appropriate. It is of scarlet cloth, wadded & lined with ermine, which is turned over to form a trimming; its form is that of a large loose mantle, which descends nearly to the heels, with a high collar. A scarlet cloth spencer, to which the mantle is fastened behind, is trimmed at the collar and cuffs with ermine, and ornamented in front a-la-hussar with scarlet buttons and twist. The hat, a gipsy, of scarlet cloth, ties down and is ornamented with a beautiful plume of scarlet feathers. It is almost needless to observe, that from the very expensive materials of which this mantle is composed, it is only worn by the *haut ton*.

In the carriage costume there is rather more variety; pelisses are very generally trimmed with swans-down, ermine and also chenille, which last is very much worn, as is also embroidery. We observed, a few days since, a drab cloth, embroidered in different shades of green in oak leaves in a large fancy wreath round the bottom, up the front, and the collar and cuffs; a swans-down tippet was worn with it, and a small drab coloured turn up hat with a plume of three different shades of green feathers, which had altogether a very elegant effect.

Velvet mantles and mantillas are very fashionable; they are worn of various shapes and colours, but the two which are highest in estimation are the Princess Charlotte's

mantle, and the York mantilla. The first is made in blue velvet, lined with white sarsnet: it is a short round mantle cut round in scollops, and trimmed with a very rich white silk fringe; the collar is high and puckered, and is tied at the throat by a white satin ribband; the cape is small and round; a velvet front in the shape of a stomacher is partially seen as the mantle goes off in a little slope in front.

Morning dresses are now made principally in cloth; but Irish poplin, bombazeens and stuffs, (though the latter are not so general) are reckoned fashionable.

In dinner dresses, sarsnets, satins, velvets, and in some instances cloth are worn; velvet is highest in estimation; it is also most fashionable for evening parties.

Our youthful Belles, whose slight and graceful figures render a girlish style of dress most calculated to display their charms to advantage, must always look well in frocks without trains; but to the matronly Belle who is inclined to *en bon point*, they must be decidedly unbecoming. The waists and sleeves of dresses are made very short, and the bosoms and shoulders displayed as much as ever. Light colours are universal; fawn, emerald green, blue, drab, lavender, and orange, are highest in estimation; but scarlet, ruby, purple, and brown, are also fashionable, particularly the first.

For full dress—velvet, white satin, and white sarsnet, are universal—the last, lightly embroidered in silver, is particularly high in estimation, and has a very elegant effect. We must, however, notice, that white sarsnet frocks, richly trimmed with lace, are very much worn in full dress, and we think very appropriate.

From Ackermann's Repository.

Promenade Costume.—A plain cambrick robe, with long gathered sleeve and high arched collar, trimmed with net lace or muslin. A Spanish lapelled coat of fine orange Merino cloth; full epaulette ornaments on the shoulders; the whole lined throughout with white sarsnet, and trimmed with a raised border of white velvet or swansdown. A small provincial bonnet of the same material as the coat, ornamented with a full curled ostrich feather. White spotted ermine or Chinchilli muff. Gloves, grey or light blue kid. Half-boots of orange-coloured jean, or velvet.

Morning Dress.—A round robe of plain jaconet muslin, with spencer bodice, and rounded falling collar, edged with lace or needle work; the same ornamenting the bottom of the dress. A loose robe pelisse of Indian muslin, thrown quite open in front, trimmed entirely round with a full gathered border of muslin or lace; the back confined at the bottom with a lemon coloured ribband, brought round the waist, and tied in bows and ends in front. The Flushing mob cap, composed entirely of lace, ornamented with lemon coloured ribband, which also confines it under the chin. A small rosary and cross of amber, twisted round the wrist, and a broach of the same confining the dress at the throat. Slippers and gloves of lemon coloured kid.

Original Poetry.

QUESTION AND REPLY.

Pray what is Love?—
——'tis a passion
Often follows *wealth* and *fashion*;
But the love I would explain,
'Tis a transport of the brain;
A sweet, a painful pleasing smart,
That pierces through the inmost heart;
A sorrow, that we wish to keep;
A pleasure, that disturbs our sleep;
A moping, melancholy knave,
Yet makes a very coward brave;
Puts honor in the *villain's* breast,
And almost ope's the *miser's* chest:
The portion of the *brave* and *bold*,
Which never can be bought or sold;
It breaks the shackles that would bind,
And soften all the human mind;
No bonds or fetters will it bear,
But such as *beauty* makes it wear.
It is the *monarch* of the earth,
From whom all Nature has its birth;
It is ——, and shall I tell you true,
The very thing I feel for you. J. H.

NEGRO SONG.

A frown will spoil the fairest face,
Illum'd by beauty's ray;
In darkest features you may trace
A mind that's always gay;
Thro' glossy cheek's and jetty skin,
His noble soul I view;
The gen'rous spark, that shines within,
Adorns the darkest hue.

The eye where gentle pity reigns,
The wretched to beguile;
Will hold the heart in pleasing chains,
More strong than beauty's smile;
For youth and beauty fade away,
And lose their roseate bloom:
The gen'rous mind will ne'er decay,
It blossoms round the tomb. J. H.

A TEAR.

Litt'e glitt'ring spark am I,
The child of sensibility;
I overcome the bold and brave,
Yet melt upon an infant's grave:
Sometimes, too, the child of mirth,
From extacy receive my birth;
Surrounded by a group of smiles,
Expressive of a thousand wiles:
Yet tho' I sparkle in the sun,
The house of woe I never shun. J. E.

THE ITINERANT.

"*Might I entreat you, sometimes to remember her who accompanies you in thought.*"

Yes! wherese'er I bend my weary way,
In fancy'd sweetness, thou shalt journey too;
Thy imag'd smiles will cheer my steps by day,
And soothe each morn the cares I must renew.

Should barb'rous man assault me as I go,
Or would the *season* lure me to remain,
Thy anxious prayers will shield me from the foe;—
One thought of *thee* will break *Calypso's* chain.

Where e'er at night these longing eyes may close,
To thy fond arms this kindred soul shall flee.
In dreams of bliss forget contending woes,
Or pencil scenes of happiness for thee.

But in despite of all thy cares and mine,
Should sad fatality my steps arrest,
To blank *misfortune* all thy hopes consign,
And lay the wand'rer low with griefs oppress.

Oh! ne'er may *Love*, nor *Friendship's* sacred glow,
To thee again the source of sorrow be!
Oh! never, never may that rose-bud blow,
Which hides the dark insidious thorn for *thee*. H. B.

SONG.

In imitation of Thomas Moore, Esq.

Belinda, when time from thy features shall steal,
The beautiful lustre they wear;
Thy mind shall its treasures of sweetness reveal,
And I shall account thee more fair.

I love thee not now, because beauty is thine,
And symmetry yet unimpair'd;
There's a something innate, which I long to call mine,
An assemblage of graces declar'd,

Our souls were allied e'er affection took place,
By touch sympathetic, refin'd;
What pleasure ecstatic each scene to retrace,
How each round the other entwin'd!

When the strings of a harp are to unison tun'd,
Strike one, and they vibrate together;
So thy soul affected bids mine feel the wound,
And thrill with emotion for ever.

In sickness I'll nurse thee, thy pillow my breast,
If tenderness aught can assuage,
Thou shalt grow to my bosom, be ever carest,
And each fond endearment engage.

To render thee happy, my life shall be giv'n,
For happiness then must be mine;
Thy love undivided, shall be all my heav'n,
And heaven itself shall be *thine*.

JNO. C———Y.

The characters of Curran and Moore are beautifully pourtrayed by Charles Phillips in the following lines.

CURREN.

But who is here with olive crown'd,
With echo listening for a sound,
And all the passions bending round?
Ecstatic mirth and stern despair
Owning alike their master there?
Whose is the wonder-working wand,
That conjures up the shadowy band,
Bids sorrow shame and rapture start
From the recesses of the heart;
Calls the quick tear to joy's blue eye,
Alternate wakes the smile and sigh,
And reigns with sweet and proud control,
Unrivalled sovereign of the soul?
CURRAN! now I know thee well—
I know thee by thy potent spell,
But hence, without applause, from me,
I must not worship witchery.

MOORE.

See, see who comes with careless measure,
Looking bliss and breathing pleasure:
Led along by Beauty's choir,
With heart of feather, tongue of fire,
A Cupid carrying his lyre;
'Tis He—the Bard of voice divine,
Sweet Melodist of love and wine;
He on whom Monks and minions rail,
The Muse's little Nightingale;
Yes, Erin! 'tis thy patriot son,
Thy simple, sweet Anacreon!

ANSWER

To the Song "Nanny wilt thou gang with me."

O Jammy canst thou doubt my love,
Who still to thee has been so true;
Say can my faithful tongue not prove
My constant heart loves none but you.
Think'st thou that town has charms for me,
Should Jammy leave his love behind;
No, rather let me gang with thee
When thou art kindest of the kind.

And should disease my lover feel,
Or suffer wrong from others wiles;
Then shall the hand of Nanny heal,
And soothe his bed of grief with smiles,
And, as the tender plant of spring,
Revives beneath the gentle wind,
So shall she health to Jammy bring,
And thou be kindest of the kind.

But should the fates refuse to save,
And snatch my love from life and me;
Then with my tears I'll damp thy grave
That flowers may spring to mourn for thee.
Oft would I sit, though keen the blast,
Upon the tomb, which still I'll find,
And think on times that long has past
When thou wert kindest of the kind.

J. C. D.

ANACREONTIC.

Fill the Goblet, fill it high,
Let me check the rising sigh;
Nymph attend me, bring me wine,
Let me taste those lips of thine;
Feel my pulse how slow it beats,
Quicker now it palpitates;
Nearer come, thou Queen of Love,
Sent from Beauty's court above,
Give me kisses balmy sweet,
Let our lips in union meet;
Soft! with bliss I die away,
Stay enchantress, longer stay;
Let me gaze upon your eyes,
Blue as the etherial skies,
Now I dwell upon your smile
Rich in every artful wile,
Now I count your dimples o'er;
The Cyprian Queen could not have more.
Then thy fair luxurient tresses,
(When you bless me with caresses,)
In them let my finger's glide
Playful as the silver tide
Which flows thro' Tempe's fruitful groves,
Fill'd with flow'rs and smiling loves:
But thy neck of snowy hue,
And thy lips that's dipp'd in dew,
Let me wipe that dew away,
Stay enchantress, longer stay!
Stay, oh! stay 'till Hesper's light,
Shall guide our way to new delight.

For night shews favour unto love,
And the cold breeze will lightly move,
'Midst lucid intervals to leave,
The glowing bosom of thy slave:—
Then go not fair, thy lover burns,
For racy wine and thee by turns.

JUVENUS.

BEAUTY.

To Mary.

I saw within the lonely dale,
White as the mountain snow,
Lifting a richly scented veil,
A modest lily blow.
Chaste as the day-beams early light,
It seem'd retiring from the sight;
And bashful hung its head:
Not yet rough winter's rage was past,
O'er the lone dale hoarse rush'd the blast;
Chill evening found it dead.
Snapp'd from the stem in luckless hour,
The cold rain drenched the fragile flow'r,
And soil'd its shining veil;
Trampled and torn its sweetness flies;
Neglected on the earth it lies,
Or scatters in the gale.

Empress of flowers, I saw the rose,
Its fragrant bosom wide disclose,
Spangled with dews of night;
Proudly it rear'd its glowing head,
Lavish its balmy odours shed,
And seemed to court the sight;
The ardent sun, with burning ray,
Soon drank the pearly dews away.
With'ring and faint beneath his pow'r,
Shrivell'd and scorch'd, the blushing flow'r
Droop'd on its languid stem:
Noon's fervid blaze destroy'd its bloom,
Faded 'neath night's o'ershadowing gloom,
Expir'd the flaunting gem.

Pure as the lily's spotless vest,
Or rose at early day,
In smiles of radiant sweetness drest,
Beauty I hail'd thy ray;
I saw thee rich in ev'ry grace;
The blush of health upon thy face,
Bright sparkling in thine eye:
But evanescent as the wreath,
O'er which gay summer loves to breathe,
I saw thee droop and die:
Mary, the rose and lily grew,
With perfum'd breath and spotless hue;
But transient was their bloom:
So short is beauty's fleeting sway,
It proudly reigns a little day,
Then moulders in the tomb.

A. S.

THE INVITATION.

To ——— ———

"*At what hour shall I come?*"

Come at that hour when all the west,
Appears in floating purple drest:
When the slant sun's decling ray,
Effulgent gilds the eve of day;
When shadows steal across the plain;
When borne by sighing breeze along,
Is heard the distant fisher's song,
Whose dripping oar, as on he glides,
The undulating wave divides,
Making sweet music to his strain.

Come at that tender, tranquil hour,
When fold the leaves of murky flow'r;
When gently silent, soft repose,
Sinks on the bosom of the rose,
And steeps in balm his downy wing;
When crown'd with wreaths of pearly light,
Young Hesper ushers in the night,
And wakes the glow-worm where it lay,
Hid from the flaunting eye of day,
Its pale beam cross the grove to fling.

Or if thou lov'st this shadowy hour,
Come to my rock embosom'd bow'r,
And with me watch the clear moon's ray,
Along yon ruin'd turret stray,
And from its ivy'd loop-holes stream;
Come, and in contemplative mood,
Listen the murmurs of the flood,
While light winds sweep its sparkling breast
On which the white sails anchor'd rest,
All silv'ring in the moonlight beam.

If pensive pleasures, such as these,
If ev'ning's dewy hour can please,
Come, and I'll wake the tuneful shell;
Wild harmony's entrancing spell,
Shall float in ev'ry wand'ring gale.
'Tis at the tender twilight hour,
That feeling sways with sov'reign pow'r;
That genius, fancy, share the breast;
And let me whisper—'tis confest,
Love sweetest breathes his amorous tale.

WARADIN.

'Mid mountainous clouds from the bounds of the East,
The full moon uplifted her glittering breast;
Around its vast orbit the sky wore a glow,
And the bright silver beams kiss'd the mountains below;
While the Autumn wind play'd thro' the yellow-leav'd trees,
And whirl'd the light leaflets abroad on the breeze,
Waradin beheld the soft moonbeams that shone,
And spurring his courser, he hurried him on,
'Till the tents of his foes at a distance he view'd,
While the impulse of vengeance Waradin pursu'd.

To his heroes quick turning, "Here rest we," he cried, [decide;
"This night must the fate of our country
In the pride of his heart, there, bold Allatha reigns, [these plains.
But ere morn must his life-blood empurple
When yon full-circled moon which shines bright in the sky,
As a crescent appear'd, and scarce beam'd to the eye:
With his ravaging host he my country laid waste, [de'fac'd;
And the bloom-cover'd vales of Hungaria
My father he slew in the strength of his might, [night,
And clos'd his dim eyes in the darkness of
Louisa, my lover, he tore from my arms,
And revels perhaps even now in her charms!
Oh! ye Pow'rs of Vengeance light down on his head,
Let him bleed for the Spirits of those who have bled!"

Extended afar 'neath the gloom of a wood,
All clad in their armour his warriors stood;
For the battle impatient they view'd the wide field,
And the flash of their eyes indignation reveal'd, [night,
The levet blast rang thro' the stillness of
And the wood echoes answer'd the tones in affright. [on high.
The banners unfurl'd their proud bosoms
And wav'd in the breezes that fluttered by;
The war-horses playing in corvets before,
Bent their strong necks, as proud of the burdens they bore.

The levet blast Allatha heard as he sate
Reviewing the deep-hidden records of fate,
On Ambition's chimeras was brooding his soul,
Wild by turns with its impulse, and passion's controul;
For Louisa he burn'd, and his love-subdued heart [impart.
Had endeavour'd by mildness its vows to
Her dark eyes indignantly flash'd at his pray'r;
Even Allatha felt at his captive's despair.
Yet Louisa was gentle, her bosom was love,
Which the accents of pity or fondness could move;
To Waradin, the long-plighted love of her youth, [and truth;
She had breath'd the pure vow of affection
And, how often she'd mourn'd 'neath the acacia's shade,
The fall of Hungaria, basely betray'd;
How oft, like the dew-drop, the tear from her eye
Had fall'n, as the visions of mem'ry flew by;
When the breath of Aurora would fan her fair cheek,
And her ringlets unbraided would fall round her neck;
When the tones of her harp, to the notes of her woe,
Would in soft-breathing melody plaintively flow.
On Waradin she thought as she paus'd in the strain,
And recall'd the past joys of her youth-days in vain;
Their sun had gone by, and Affliction's wild blast
A blight o'er the joy of her life-spring had cast.

She thought not Waradin all mighty arose
To restore her to freedom, and vanquish her foes;
Yet, then, even then from the gloom of his tent
To meet the brave foemen, dark Allatha went;
And the rage of the battle breath'd fiercely around,
On the conquer'd who fled, and the fall'n on the ground.
As the thunder-bolt cleaves thro' the breast of the storm;
He press'd thro' the squadrons his terrible form.
His sable plume wav'd in the night-blast that rose,
As he mark'd out Waradin, brave chief of his foes.
In the contest they join—and his silver-tipp'd plume
Louisa discern'd as she wept for his doom.

Like the crash of the rock that is tumbled asunder
Was the fall of the Chieftain by Waradin slain,
The blood from his fast streaming wounds flow'd around,
And his golden-cas'd helm kiss'd the dust off the ground;
His flushing eyes roll'd as he panted for breath,
And with curses he vented his soul out in death.
Waradin look'd round—and the shade of his Sire,
His bosom with gratitude seem'd to inspire;
He look'd on the moon as it silverly play'd,
Of his country he thought, and his heart-chosen maid,
Who, braving the dangers of battle's alarms,
Flew, the prize of his conquest, to Waradin's arms.

W.

A

The Drama.

DRAMATIC STRICTURES.

—o—

PRIVATE THEATRE, FISHAMBLE-STREET.

The very engines by which Mr. Jones compelled Daly to abdicate the throne of Crow-street, are now turned on himself.—We cannot say that we ever could conscientiously advocate persons of fashion, on so extensive and elegant a scale, turning actors: by the power of their connections—the charms of novelty combined with fashion—and in some instances their individual merit—depopulating the boxes of the established theatre, thus striking a blow at its receipts, and driving the regular forces out of the field. But if the manager will by arrogance provoke the contest, by his oppression of performers, rouze the great world against him, or by a long train of mismanagement and neglect, induce the higher orders of our population to attempt pleasing themselves and their friends, in the dramatic way, whom has he to thank but himself for that opposition which his own folly has created?

Public expectation had been raised very high, by various reports, relative to these theatricals. And fame in this instance has not overcharged her trumpet.

The Fishamble-street theatricals commenced on Monday the 17th: notwithstanding the dreadful severity of the weather, which had compelled the Theatre-Royal to close its doors; the audience was both fashionable and crowded, and every thing toward their accommodation seemed manifested by those who conducted the entertainments.—The play was the *Rivals*, the farce the *Review*.—Cards of the performance were presented to the audience; an elegant and marked compliment on the part of the managers.

The prologue was a *nouvelle* species of composition, being written partly in prose, partly in rhyme. Whether it was the excellent manner in which it was delivered by Mr. Palmer, of the Lancaster Militia, or the unexpected nature of the composition, taking us by surprize, we will not decide, but it struck on our ear with peculiar felicity. — It contained some happy allusions to a military life.—One great advantage, which is generally observable in private theatricals, when all are gentlemen, was conspicuously evident: the minor parts were much better performed than at the regular theatre; and there was that attention to the business of the scene, which is seldom to be met with there.

Capt. Peach in *Acres* was the most prominent object. This gentleman appears to be well conversant with Theatricals knows well how, and when to make his points—possesses much of the bustle and vivacity so necessary to the comic actor—and, if he had not been destined to move in a higher situation, must have made a valuable addition to any dramatic corps to which he might have attached himself.

Capt. Absolute [Major Fearon].—This long part, on which so much of the business of the play depends, was correctly performed. Ease and vivacity were its striking characteristics.—An undeviating regard to the embellishments of

the polished gentleman appeared in every motion, and in the delivery of every line.

After what we have written relative to Mr. Palmer's delivery of the address, it may be naturally imagined that the finely written part of *Falkland* did not suffer in his hands.—Sensibility, feeling—the perturbed agitation of jealous distrust, were finely intermingled, like light and shade.

Mr. Bolton's *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, if inferior to that of a Johnstone or a Clinch, was far above what the hackneyed phrase of criticism terms mediocrity.—He supported the effect of the scene, and added to its respectability.

We have seen *Davy* worse performed than it was by Mr. Armstrong.

Where gentlemen perform for their own amusement, the right of disapproval may perhaps be questioned. We suppose Mr. Crosbie undertook *Sir Anthony* to accommodate the getting up of the comedy.—As such, we conceive the gentleman entitled to every indulgence; but really the part is altogether out of his line.

The coachman was perhaps never more characteristically dressed.

REVIEW.

Capt. Peach's *Caleb Quotem*—a distinguished, masterly performance—rich in humour, without descending to the ridiculous—a successful effort to command mirth devoid of any thing like mummery.

Mr. Bolton was the representative of *Looney M'Toulter*. He sung the songs amidst a roar of laughter and applause—and placed on any of the public stages, would soon become a great and universal favourite.

John Lump was performed highly characteristic by Mr. Armstrong.

The Theatre was illuminated with wax, and fitted up in the most comfortable and elegant style; and the scenery very beautiful—the whole reflecting great credit on the taste and judgment of the Committee and Manager.

The orchestra was not particularly prodigal of its exertions, which was the more to be regretted, as the band was led by that excellent performer, Mr. Mahon.

Throughout the whole, there was the greatest regularity in every department; insomuch, that we can decidedly declare, that these performances promise to equal any of the kind that have hitherto taken place in Ireland.

The company retired apparently highly gratified with an entertainment which they had braved the season's rigour to partake of; and we predict, that the private theatricals will become not only a favorite amusement among those who are so fortunate as to obtain tickets of invitation, but that they will attract a great deal of fashionable company to the metropolis. There were several beautiful women in the boxes; we particularly noticed Lady Glerawly, Lady Glentworth, Mrs. Gardiner, Mrs. Dalton, Miss Reynell. Among the Company were the Earl of Portarlington, Lord Viscount Glerawly, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Charles Vernon, &c. &c. &c.

THEATRE-ROYAL.

THIS Month commenced with the *Exile* and *Perouse*. Mr. Cooke's merit in this entertainment, is universally acknowleged. There is scarcely a character to be found in any of our dramas—merely spectacle—in which there is so much of what we had almost termed good *acting*.—The representative of the ape too (Master Coyle) is entitled to no small

share of praise. "Many and oft" has been the time—and we have beheld it with no trivial mortification—that performers have turned human beings into apes—and yet, we are certain, not one of them could, like this performer, have assumed all the different climbings, jumpings, startings, and tricks, so naturally and ably personified in the domesticated savage.

Jan. 1.—*Exile—Perouse.*

3.—*Jane Shore—Perouse.*

We war not with the Alicia of Mrs. Connor.—She has done herself no injury, but some good, by performing the part. But such a drama as Jane Shore, imperiously claims the whole strength of the theatre.—Why does not Miss O'Neill appear in Alicia?—We are unwilling to speak out; but soon may be compelled to do it.—Surely, intoxicated by popular approbation, she does not imagine the part beneath her; and insist on Shore, or nothing.—Mrs. Crawford played it to Mrs. Yates's Jane Shore, and thereby placed herself for ever, in that part, on the highest pedestal of dramatic excellence,

"The *first Alicia* in the ranks of fame*."

We hope, when Mr. C. Kemble arrives, the manager will enforce the business, or appeal to the public.

Jan. 4.—*All in the Wrong—The Miller and his Men.*

Whatever may be the errors in management, want of due attention to getting up the London new plays and entertainments, cannot be fairly charged to the account. Another troublesome piece, depending chiefly on the scenery, machinery, and all the expensive gauds of stage decoration, here met the public eye.—Much attention appears to have been paid to its rehearsals, and to that part of the town who are enamoured with spectacle, it must prove gratifying. For ourselves———But the manager is not bound implicitly to comply with our taste; if he did, he would run the hazard, without some very attractive object, of playing to empty benches.

PLOT OF THE PIECE.

In a sequestered spot on the borders of a forest, and side of a river in Bohemia, stands a mill, which is owned by one *Grindoff*, who is captain of a banditti of robbers, that have taken up their residence in a cave, hard by, in the forest.—This man's real name is *Wolf*, and he was in the time of the late *Count Friberg*, (who was the owner of the estate) discharged from his service for malpractices.—Near the mill, in an humble cottage, lives a reduced tenant, who once rented the whole land, with his only daughter (*Claudine*). To her the Miller pays his addresses; but her affections are pre-engaged to *Lothaire*, a young peasant equally indigent with himself.—The piece opens with *Old Kelmar* observing from his cottage the trade of the mill. His daughter enters to him, and he cautions her against a marriage union with unavoidable poverty on both sides, recommending the Miller to her as a husband. But on her declaring, "that she never can love him," they finish the colloquy by her solemnly promising never to give *Lothaire* encouragement, and the old man declaring that he never will force the Miller on her as a husband.—*Kelmar* (for that is his name) left alone, soliloquizes very feelingly on his poverty and his situation, when he is interrupted by *Lothaire*, who informs him of an infamous plan

* Children of Thespis.

which he had accidently discovered among the banditti, to carry off *Claudine*, and despairing ever to obtain her as his bride, of his determination, at the hazard of life to preserve her, by disguising himself—seeking out the robber's abode, joining their ranks, and betraying them to justice. The old man's heart is melted at the courage and honourable love to his child in the proposal, and promises, if he is successful, to reward him with her hand.

The scene now changes to the forest, where the young *Count Friberg* (who has returned to take possession of his estate) and his man *Karl*; are amidst a storm benighted in the forest;—the servant vainly attempting to make his way out and discover some shelter.

We are next presented with the cottage—when old *Kelmar* and *Grindoff* are in deep discourse, and the old man reveals to the Miller the attempt to carry off *Claudine* and her preservation by *Lothaire*. However, they are interrupted by *Karl* thundering at the door, having made his way out of the forest, with his master's portmanteau. *Count Friberg* enters, and recognizes *Wolf*.—A polnard, which in the wood *Karl* had wrested from a ruffian, who attacked him is produced. The Miller knows it to be his, and after in vain attempting to get it from him, he craftily takes its sheathe from his side, and drops it in the cottage.—Their suspicions are roused, but they finally fall upon the old Cottager, on their picking up the sheathe, and finding it belong to the weapon. After many ineffectual efforts to depart, they are induced, sorely against their wills, to remain all night.

Lothaire gains the cavern of the banditti, and joins the gang. Here he encounters *Ravena*, the mistress of *Grindoff*, who superintends the economy of this infernal den, and becomes, to his surprize, acquainted with the secret, that the Miller is their captain.—This finishes the first act.

The second commences with cottage—the Count and his servant fast asleep, with their weapons lying beside them. Old Kelmar enters—and Claudine (unseen by him.) He opens the door and goes out to reconnoitre; Claudine, anxious for her father's safety, follows. An interesting scene now ensues. Some of the ruffians, headed by the Miller, approach.—*Karl* half-awakened by the robber's, on their entry, seizes his weapon and retires behind the table. One of them levels his piece at the Count, and Karl stabs him to the heart—it goes off but in an altered direction. This rouses the Count, who starting from his sleep seizes the first object, which proves to be the Miller, who has the address to persuade the Count that he came back to invite him to the mill, and was not one of the robbers, and further harps all his suspicions on poor old *Kelmar*. Under this explanation the Miller makes his exit, and the Count and his servant quit the cottage to seek some place of safety.

[We are compelled to break off this critique—the remainder—with an account of the new play of *First Impressions* in our next.]

The new comedy contains some good writing—the part performed by *Miss O'Neill* is finely drawn. *Mr. Farren* and *Fullam* particularly distinguished themselves. We have much to remark on it in our ensuing publication.

Monthly Register,

RETROSPECT OF THE AFFAIRS OF EUROPE,

(Continued from page 121.)

Monthly Museum-Office, 20th January, 1814.

THE English ministry displayed a most laudable anxiety to second the efforts which the Patriots of Holland seemed to be making for the establishment of the independence of their country; but many circumstances of an unfavourable nature prevented the succour from being sent as expeditiously as the crisis of affairs appeared to require. Great Britain possesses a military force, far more numerous in reference to the population of the empire, than any other nation; but on account of several circumstances, there did not then exist any considerable mass of troops ready to be applied on any particular service at a moments notice. The extensive dependencies of Great Britain, in both the Indies, require a constant supply of troops for their protection, in consequence of the mortality produced among Europeans by the influence of a tropical climate. Reasons of state seemed imperiously to require an immense military establishment in Ireland, while the war with America, together with the reinforcements, which the waste occasioned by sickness and battle required to be sent, every month, to the army of the Marquis of Wellington, nearly absorbed the whole disposable force of the British empire, or at least left but a small surplus for any extraordinary emergency. With the greatest difficulty about 10,000 men were collected and embarked for Holland, but the advantages which were expected to result from the co-operation of this inconsiderable number of troops were lost, on account of the time which intervened before their arrival at the point of destination. Three weeks elapsed from the time of their embarkation to the moment of their arrival at Schowling, on account of the prevalence of contrary winds. The delay was peculiarly unfavourable, as it afforded sufficient time for the French troops, that, on the first appearance of an insurrectionary spirit, fled with precipitation from the principal cities of Holland, to recover from their panic, and to put the frontier towns, which were considered to be the keys of the province, in a state of defence.

The Hollanders expected assistance from England and from the Allies, who after the battle of Leipsic, had approached the Rhine. They had expected that the Crown Prince of Sweden would, with the army under his command, penetrate into the Netherlands, and seize all the frontier towns, that were at that critical moment destitute of garrisons or other means of defence. The situation, however, of the French armies along the Elbe, and the negociations for a peace (which were commenced between Buonaparte and the three Allied Monarchs) prevented the exertion of a project, which at that time would have been attended with decisive results. The Crown Prince turned towards Hanover, and afterwards went in pursuit of the combined army of French and Danes, commanded by Marshal Davoust, that protected Lubeck and Hamburgh.

Some inconsiderable aid, however, was sent from the Allied army to the Hollanders. On the 24th of Nov. about 2 or 400 Cossacks made their appearance in the province, and revived the insurrectionary spirit, which at that time evidently began to decline, either from the hopelessness of the unaided situation of the insurgents, or from the dread of some horrible species of retaliation, if the French should return in sufficient numbers to recover their former ascendancy. A circumstance occurred on the 26th of November which spread universal consternation among the patriots, and which deterred many individuals, who had until then remained neutral, from taking any prominent part. The small town of Woerden, situate on the eastern border of Holland, and distant about 10 miles from the city of Utrecht, had a garrison of 23 French troops when the insurrection broke out. On the 23d of Nov. a detachment of the national

guards, consisting of 250 men, proceeded thither from the Hague and took possession of the town. But on the next day a numerous body of French troops, supported by a suitable train of artillery, marched from Utretcht against the town and carried it by storm. A most dreadful carnage took place. Every man of the national guard was put to the sword; but the fury of the victors did not appear to be satisfied with this unnecessary severity. The old and the young—men, woman and children—persons who from their habits of life or their tender age, were incapable of military service fell the victims of the fury of the French troops, who even sacrificed to their resentment the very ministers of religion. After having remained three days, during which every kind of atrocity was perpetrated; and after having plundered the town of every thing valuable which was portable, they retired in triumph to Utretcht on the 27th.

In the moment of consternation, excited by an event so atrocious and so unpunished, the arrival of the Prince of Orange, at the Hague, animated the persons who had promoted the insurrection to make some further efforts. His Serene Highness arrived at the Hague on the 1st of December, and immediately proceeded to Amsterdam. On the 2d he entered the city, and received every proof, in the acclamations of the populace, of the joy which was felt at his return to Holland after an exile of so many years. On the same day he issued a proclamation, in which he elevated himself to the rank of a monarch, by the title of the "Prince of the Netherlands," grounding this unexpected assumption of supreme authority on the exigency of the times, and promising the inhabitants a free constitution whenever the country should be secured against the designs or the power of the enemy. The circumstance did not encrease his popularity, if an opinion can be formed from an event which occurred the next day in the same city. On the 3d of December, an extensive conspiracy, that had been formed in favour of the French Government, was detected, and it was said that upwards of 4000 persons were engaged in the plot.

There has always been a powerful French party in the United States. That party did not owe its origin to the violent republican doctrines which had been promulgated at the commencement of the French revolution, and which were certainly very agreeable to the inhabitants of a country, engaged in a constant struggle for the maintainance of democratical principles, against the views of the executive power, that was hereditary in the family of the Stadholder. The French party has had a much higher source. It existed in the reign of Louis XIV. and it was transmitted through a succession of generations, from causes partly political and partly commercial.

The family of the Stadholder was entitled to the hereditary possession of the Executive Authority both by sea and land; and the circumstance often encouraged the predecessors of the present Prince of Orange to encrease their power, and to assume a rank more suitable to the dignity of those connections which they had formed, by intermarriages with the Sovereigns of Europe.—Their ambitious views were often resisted with success; but the popular party found by experience, that the best counterpoise to the schemes of the House of Orange, was derived from the influence of the French Court in the Council of the Seven United Provinces. It was always the interest of the Court of Versailles to encourage such a spirit, and therefore no expense was spared, or exertion neglected, to cherish this conflict between the Stadholder and the popular party among the Dutch. The propensity which the House of Orange had often shewn to encrease the military, in preference to the naval, power of the States, was a constant source of jealousy; but of late years the interference of the Court of Berlin, in matters of even municipal regulation, had given considerable offence to the popular party; which, from necessity, was thus thrown into the arms of France for protection against domestic power and foreign influence.

But this French party was considerably strengthened by the dislike which was felt by the lower classes of the people at the commercial intercourse that subsisted between Great Britain and the United States. The wealthy merchants in the seven provinces, but particularly in Holland, were so intimately connected with the mercantile interest of Britain, that the principal traders among the Dutch, were considered as very little better than factors to the

counting-houses of London, or to the great manufactories in England. At best they were considered by the populace as partners of minor rank; but as the principal merchants in Holland had obtained a considerable ascendancy in the Council of the States, the party which affected the character of patriotism, always insinuated that the prosperity of the inhabitants of the Seven Provinces was sacrificed to promote the sordid views of those merchants, who, by their interest, were half Dutch and half English—men, who exhited an anomaly in the social system—who subjected themselves from motives of lucre to the yoke of a double allegiance, and who became wealthy in the same ratio in which their countrymen were impoverished. The lower orders of the people, in the Seven United Provinces, thought that their interest was sacrificed to promote the prosperity of the English merchants, and they secretly accused their rulers, (who were merchants connected with England) of favouring the introduction of British goods or colonial produce, to the ruin of the native manufactures, the domestic industry of Holland, and its foreign trade.

Such sentiments were constantly inculcated by the leaders of the French party; and their invectives against the influence of England bare the appearance of too much plausibility not to be agreeable to the majority of the population. The rigour, however, with which the Continental System was enforced, after the annexation of Belgium to France, considerably abated the partiality even of the inferior classes of Dutch citizens towards a connexion with France. The total loss of foreign trade, and the diminution of their domestic industry, had convinced them, that a commercial intercourse with England, if it was not the most conducive to promote the prosperity of the country, was, at least, not the most ruinous. The habits of the people had rendered them averse to the military profession; but they found that the ambition of their Stadholders never required such sacrifices either in men or money as the projects of Buonaparte. The inhabitants of Holland were discontented; but their characteristic apathy predominated, and they lived in a kind of sullen allegiance to Napoleon until his retreat from Germany; and the feebleness of the French authority in the province, had induced some few adventurous persons to raise the standard of revolt in favour of the House of Orange.

The commencement of the revolt exhibited a more auspicious appearance than its progress. The circumstance is attributable to the lapse of time which intervened before the arrival of succours from England—to the indecision displayed by the Allies on the right bank of the Rhine—to the arrival of French troops in all the strong fortresses, which are the keys of Holland—and to the injudicious assumption of Supreme Power in the person of the Stadholder, without any other security, than the natural good disposition of the Prince, for the establishment of a free constitution, or even of a limited monarchy. At such a moment the proclamation of the Prince of Orange was extremely impolitic, and the folly of it was soon discovered in the conspiracy which was detected at Amsterdam, and which afforded strong presumptive evidence of the revival of the principles that always actuated the French party.

The arrival about the middle of December of the principal part of the English troops, enabled the Prince of the Netherlands to establish the different authorities which are necessary for the support of any government, but even then the stability of the new dynasty appeared to be extremely precarious, as several of the persons, who had been nominated by the promoters of the insurrection, to the highest offices, declined the honor, either on account of sickness or some other plea, and they seemed to be very reluctant to take any responsible situation even after the return of the Prince of Orange to his country. The Prince, however, made a tour through the province of Holland, and in every city his Serene Highness received all the exterior proofs of the allegiance of the inhabitants, passing in some places under triumphal arches, and in others receiving addresses of homage and congratulation. So far, his serene highness seemed to have acted like the *Pretender*, when he landed in Scotland, devoting his time to the splendour of pageants, rather than to the organization of the country, in such military array as would secure his newly erected throne.

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prize traversed the different provinces, exhorting the people to take arms, and dislodging the small detachments of French troops that had continued even to the middle of December to occupy the little towns in the provinces of Utrecht and Guelders.

The French government, however, was not in the mean time inattentive to its interests. Reinforcements, principally consisting of new levies, were sent to the Netherlands; and the forces of minor consideration on the southern frontier of Holland were evacuated for the purpose of strengthening those cities, which are considered to be the best fortified in Europe. Breda was evacuated with such a view—Williamstadt was evacuated from the same motive, and the garrison, consisting of 1500 men, retired to Bergen op Zoom, which is the strongest fortress in the country, having ca ements sufficient to lodge 20,000 troops, being abundantly supplied with water, and possessing the additional advantage of being protected by subterraneous works. The design of the French government was evident; and all the movements, which were made, had no other object than the protection of the city of Antwerp. Even some of the Imperial guards were sent to Antwerp, and so great was the anxiety of the French government, that the city had a garrison, about the 20th of December, sufficient to protect it against any force which might be brought thither by the Allies. Of such importance was the place considered by Buonaparte, that he sent General Decaen from Spain to take the supreme command of the garrison and the French troops in its vicinity.

The Allied troops, that had arrived on the Rhine at the beginning of November, were prevented, by a variety of causes, from crossing the river, and penetrating into the interior of the French empire—The sanguinary battle of Leipsic had diminished their numbers, and the length of the campaign had almost exhausted all their resources. The first care of the Allied Sovereigns was to refresh their men, to provide clothes and other necessaries, and to reinforce their armies by new levies. The Allied troops that had arrived on the Rhine were not sufficiently numerous, even if they had every thing requisite for a renewal of hostilities, to advance into France with any prospect of success, as the Confederated Monarchs were obliged to leave considerable masses of their armies to watch the different divisions of the French troops that occupied the fortresses on the Elbe. The garrisons occupied by the French contained at least 150,000 men, and it became a measure of common precaution, for the safety of the Allies, to leave such a force in their rear, as could blockade the different cities, and prevent the junction of such a number of troops. The two circumstances completely checked the Allies, and during this suspension of hostilities, count Aignean was dispatched to the head-quarters by Buonaparte, (although it is said that the French gentleman had gone thither by mere accident) with proposals to the Austrian minister for the arrangement of a basis of a negociation for peace. The terms, which were proposed by the Austrian minister, were accepted by the French and sent to Buonaparte for his ratification. But the answer of Buonaparte was considered to be unsatisfactory, and therefore another application was made to him for an explicit declaration on the subject. Another reply was returned, but as it was deemed to be no less ambiguous, the Allied Sovereigns determined to be no longer the object of the delusive arts of the French Emperor, or his ministers. They issued a solemn declaration, in which they stated, that they were willing to make peace with France, on terms which would leave the country powerful and happy, with an extent of territory greater than what France had enjoyed under a government of her former monarchs. They added, that the renewal of hostilities had no other object but to restrain that ambition which had disturbed the tranquillity of Europe and rendered every throne insecure. They accordingly prepared to enter France, and on the 20th of December, several columns of Russian and Austrian troops crossed the Rhine, between Basle and Schaffhausen. A part of the Austrian army, under Count Bubna entered the city of Berne and restored the former government. The Austrian Generals then proceeded to Geneva, which capitulated, having been evacuated by the French garrison, and left to the protection of the Bourcher guard. From Switzerland the Allies advanced into the departments of the Upper and Lower Rhine—the Vosges—the Meurte, &c. &c. while Marshal Blucher's army, consisting of three divisions, crossed the Rhine near Coblentz—at Caub—and at Manheim. After the passage of the Rhine (which was effected without difficulty, as the French made but little resistance) the

different divisions took a south-easterly direction, for the purpose of forming a junction with the main body of the Allies under the command of Prince Schwartzenberg.

The advance of Marshal Blucher's army across the Rhine, compelled Marshal M'Donald, who commanded a numerous army, extending from the neighbourhood of Cologne to Wesel, to make a retrograde movement towards Metz.—The army commanded by M'Donald, consisted principally of the troops that had effected their retreat from Leipsic, and the position which they occupied prevented the Crown Prince of Sweden from detaching the force, (which the situation of affairs in the North of Germany might otherwise have allowed him) to the assistance of the Prince of Orange's party in Holland. The departure of M'Donald's army removed every kind of danger; and on the 3d of January General Bulow, commanding about 20,000 Prussian and Russian troops—regular and irregular—Landwehr and Cossacks—entered Utrecht. This force, amounting to about 15,000 infantry, and 5000 cavalry—having been joined by about 5000 English troops, under the command of Sir Thomas Graham, proceeded towards Antwerp. It was a part of the plan of operations to reduce the city. The combined troops, amounting to about 20,000 men, advanced, in three divisions, viz. the right, consisting of the British troops from Williamstadt, and the centre and the left, composed of Prussians and Russians, from Breda.—The object of the movement was no secret to General Deusen, (the Governor of Antwerp) who resolved to meet the Allies, and to give them battle.

There were at that time about 15,000 French troops in Antwerp, and about 19,000 more stationed in the little towns immediately adjoining the city. He therefore did not find any difficulty to assemble what he considered to be a competent force, and having advanced, he met the Allies on the 11th of January, near the village of Hoogstraten, which is situate midway between Antwerp and Breda.—As yet (Jan. 20th,) no official account has been published of the action; but as this work (THE MONTHLY MUSEUM,) cannot admit any conjecture respecting the nature of any event, while there exists a hope that some authenticated statement of the particulars may be promulgated by some of the parties, by the English, the Dutch, or by the French, nothing more can be said on the topic than that the Dutch newspapers assert that the Allies obtained a victory.

The negociation which Buonaparte had endeavoured to commence with the Allies had no other object than the intervention of so much time as would enable him to raise the immense levies, which had been voted by the French senate; but when he found that his insincerity had been suspected, and that the most formidable preparations were made for the immediate invasion of France, he had recourse to one of those energetic expedients, which had been adopted by the revolutionary government in a similar crisis. On the 27th December, he issued a proclamation, by which he invested 24 persons with absolute power, civil and military, under the title of Extraordinary Commissioners, and sent them into various parts of his empire, for the purpose of accelerating the conscription; of organising every part of the population that would be fit to carry arms, or to perform any kind of military service; and of disposing of the property of the inhabitants (under the promise of a national indemnity) in any manner most conducive to the general interest of the state, or most likely to obstruct the progress of the invaders. Such was the fidelity, and such was the energy, of those commissioners, that the two levies—the one of 190,000 men voted by the senate in the month of October, and the other 300,000 men, voted in the month of November, 1813, were ready for service of any kind about the middle of January, 1814.

The Allies advanced on the 20th of December. A division of Austrian troops commenced the blockade of Belfort, a fortified town on the confines of the departments of the Upper Rhine and the Upper Saonne (formerly part of Alsace and Franche Compt) while others proceeded towards Vesoul and Besancon. But such movements were nothing more than a demonstration of the intentions of the Commander in Chief of the Allies, Prince Schwartzenberg, who was unwilling to proceed further, until the Russian corps of reserve should have arrived, and until the Silesian army, under the command of Marshal Blucher, should have crossed the Rhine in the vicinity of Coblentz. But Marshal Blucher having effected a passage across the Rhine, and having advanced so far towards the river Sarre, that he could co-operate with the main army, a general movement of the Grand Allied army, including even the reserve of Russian and Prussian troops, took place on the 12th of January. This

movement towards the Sarre was made without any loss, as Marshal Marmont, who occupied the pass at Kayserslautern, abandoned his position on the 5th, and having taken with him some divisions which supported his left wing, retired beyond the Sarre, and destroyed the bridges at Sarbruck, and Sargulmines. General Wrede, who had advanced with his corps, was not, however, so fortunate: he had an action at St. Dizy, on the 11th of January, with Marshal Victor; the Bavarians were repulsed, and they suffered severely from a charge of French cavalry, commanded by General Melhaud, that attacked them in the first moments of their confusion; but being joined by considerable reinforcements, they advanced again, and the French, in their turn, were obliged to retreat towards Nancy.

On the 14th of January a definitive treaty of peace and alliance was concluded between Denmark and England.

A review of the circumstances, which terminated in the event, must be deferred until the ensuing month; but it may not be improper to subjoin the principal articles of the treaty, viz —

"All conquests to be restored except Heligoland.

"Prisoners of war on both sides to be released.

"Denmark to join the Allies with 10,000 men, if England will give a Subsidy of Four Hundred Thousand Pounds in the year 1814.

"Pomerania to be ceded by Sweden to Denmark in lieu of Norway.

"Stralsund will continue a depot for English produce.

"Denmark to do all in her power to abolish the Slave Trade.

"England to mediate between Denmark and the other Allies."

Dublin Monthly Commercial Report.

SINCE the commencement of this month, the weather has been so severe as nearly to lock up every channel through which we might be enabled to lay before our commercial readers, any positive particulars as to the value of foreign articles in the Irish markets. Although the rigour of the season has somewhat abated, we are compelled to keep within narrower bounds in our report than what we could wish; but this will not be surprising to our Subscribers, knowing the impediments which the heavy snows and severe frosts threw in the way of every kind of business, and prevented the regular communications with the country.

Within these few days, however, sales have been made here of different articles, which in general have been on the look up, particularly sugars. Although on the decline at the beginning of the month, they have advanced from 7s. to 8s. towards the end. A great demand in the English market caused the same in this. Brown Muscovadoes, duty paid, readily commanded £6 6s. to £6 10s. and very fine from £7 5s. to £7 10s. per cwt.

Coffee and pepper are in demand; as also is logwood, &c. which is scarce.

Cotton wool, and all American produce revived considerably, on the rumour of the President's Speech being received—the former brought from 2s. 10d. to 3s. per lb. when the holders declined selling.—The supplies of Brazil and other cottons, are encreasing in England; how far they will be found to supply the deficiency of North American cottons, must be reserved for time to discover—but certainly this should be taken into account.

Tobaccos, particularly prime, still keeps up. A continual decrease, without supplies sufficient, must necessarily cause a gradual advance, but as a judicious observer says, it happens nearly in all cases, that when an article obtains unprecedented high prices, it leads to extraordinary measures to obtain supplies; and although a direct importation may not be resumed, considerable supplies may arrive by neutral ships, to an extent that may reduce this article to nearly its average value, of one half the present prices.

Baltic produce, except tallow, which has also encreased in price, is at a stand.

In our next we hope to have a wider field for observation than what this month offers. The reasons for the present paucity we have noticed above.

We are happy to state, that in consequence of the Subscriptions entered into at the Lord Mayor's, immediate relief was instantly afforded to the almost starving inhabitants of five of the poorest parishes in the city. We trust the humane and opulent will lose no time in coming forward, to enable the Committee to continue their relief to the poor at this inclement season.

BIRTHS.

In Merrion-square, the Lady of Daniel O'Connell, Esq. of a daughter.

On Usher's-quay, the wife of Mr. Jas. M'Nulty of two daughters, who, with the mother, are likely to do well.

Mrs. Bagshaw, late Miss Honeywell, wife of Mr. W. Bagshaw, Proprietor of the Dublin Menagerie, of a son.

In Nicholas-street, Limerick, the lady of Lieutenant Doris, of the 27th Regt. of a daughter.

In Bank-place, Limerick, the Lady of Daniel Gabbett, Esq. of a daughter.

At Newtown, county Carlow, the Lady of John Leonard, Esq. of a son and heir.

At Lavender-Hill, near London, the Lady of James Lonigdail, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Peter's Church, Mr. Thomas Jones, Professor of Writing, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Somers, of Camden-street.

Richard Bernard, Esq. of Rathmines Mall, to Jemima, second daughter to Wm. Lambert, Esq. late of the county Wexford.

In St. James's Church, London, the Hon. Edward Law, M. P. eldest son of the Right Hon. Lord Ellenborough, to Lady Octavia Stewart, the fifth and youngest daughter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Londonderry.

John Dudley Fletcher, Esq. Kilshane, co. Dublin, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of John Nelson, Esq. Townsend-street.

Mr. Glynne, to Mrs. Dignum of Grange-gormaa-lane.

DEATHS.

Suddenly at Castleknock, Mr. Mark Morgan, hatter.

In Parliament-street, Mr. Luke Cassidy, hatter.

Mrs. Fayle, wife of Mr. Thos. Fayle, Thomas-street.

In Jamaica, on the 25th of Sept. last, of a liver complaint, Lieutenant Edward Campbell, of the 18th Foot, third son of the Rev. Henry Campbell, of this city.

At Elmville, county of Dublin, Gerald Osbrey, Esq.

At Ballynastle, Mr. Alexander M'Donell.

At Randalstown, Mrs. Davison.

At Lurgan, Mrs. Johnson, wife of T. Johnson, Esq.

Mr. Andrew Mackey, of the City-quay.

In Chamber-street, Mr. Andrew John Dalton,

In the 70th year of his age, Valentine O'Connor, Esq. one of the most eminent Merchants of this City; a man greatly esteemed and respected by all who knew him.

In Fleet-street (of a fever, in the 22d year of his age,) Mr. John H. Bastable, only child of Mr. J. S. Bastable, of Cork.

In this city, Captain L'Estrange, for many years Adjutant of the Royal King's County Militia.

At her house in Portman-street, London, Mrs. Traill, daughter of the late Sir G. Colebrook, Bart.

On the 10th of August last, at St. Thomas's Mount, near Madras, the amiable and much regretted Mrs. Bell, wife of General Robert Bell, Colonel of the Madras Artillery, a native of this city.

On the 20th of September last, at Province-Grove, St. John's, Jamaica, Sarah Anderson, a free black woman, a native of Guinea, of the Congo country, at the extraordinary age of 140 years.

At the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, aged 92, Sir James Campbell—his Baronetage was one of the most antient in Scotland.

In James's-Street, Mrs. Wall, deservedly regreted by her family and a numerous acquaintance.

In Dawson-street, Mrs. Anne Sophia Roe, widow of Andrew Roe, Esq. of Rockwell, county of Tipperary.

In Dame-street, Mary Forasley, aged 60 years.

Wm. Hopkins, Esq. of Newton, in the county of Meath.

Mrs. Molony, wife of Mr. J. Molony, of Eyrecourt.

At Gibraltar, on the 20th October last, of a fever in her 24th year, Mrs. Smith, wife of Major Francis Smith, Royal Artillery, and eldest daughter of Brigadier General Sir Charles Halloway.

In Dorset-street, at the advanced age of 91 years, Mrs. Greene, widow of the late Rev. Robert Greene.

At Craighead, Auchinleck, on the 14th December, Mr. William Jamieson, farmer, aged 90 years past Jan. 1813. He had been four times married; by the two first only he had children, and the progeny left alive at the time of his death are no less than 146, reckoning children, grand-children, and great grand-children, and great great grand-children. Twenty-five of these attended the funeral, and one of the great great grand-children assisted in laying the corpse into the grave in Ochiltree church-yard. He was always cheerful, and a very keen sportsman to his last years.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The late disastrous state of the weather having spread its ravages over the health of two Gentlemen, concerned in principal departments of this publication, must plead our excuse for some delay; and, we fear, a little inaccuracy.

The *Rhapsody on Soaps* has some merit and much originality; but it is an advertizing puff from some friend of Olden, at Cork.—And, having mentioned our own ingenious Kertland, we reject it, as any thing relative to that gentleman's inventions would perhaps be taken up by ourselves in *the first* instance.

Mr. N. Halpin need not be fearful of being mistaken for the author of *Isabella's Marriage*. Those who have read his poetry, can never commit such a mistake. We are confident we do not undervalue his literary merit, when we assert, that in the hour he possesses half the poetical aptitude of that writer, (*but not 'till then*), he shall have our permission to mount the "dread stool of criticism," where he bears nothing but *literal affinity*.

Eliza to her Bird has nothing original to recommend it. The amatory verses on "beautiful Kate," are too *be-measured*—and be-laboured—for us.

We have received two sensible letters on the subject of our engravings. They were given due attention, and finally refered to a *meeting of all the Proprietors*. Our Correspondents shall be informed of the result.

The Gentleman who sent us "*The Matrimonial Creed*," candidly informs us, that he copied the article from an American Paper. This is fair.—This is as it should be. We thank him; and shall insert it.

We thank our Correspondent for his promise of some light *Essays of relief*. It is a subject more wanting than any thing in our Magazine.

"Conn of a hundred fights"—is a *subject* that we think peculiarly calculated for the Museum, and we shall be happy on every fair occasion, to prove our *nationality*, by inserting such articles—but we are sorry to add, that the writer has not on the present occasion been equally successful in the execution.

His *Anacreontic* is under consideration. On these kind of verses we beg leave to remark, as we have been in a manner inundated with them, that we do not think a few rapturous expressions, in praise of *Love* and *Wine*, sufficient claim to entitle every Bacchanalian song to assume the sanction of the Grecian Bard; a true imitation of the Anacreontic style, in our opinion, should be characterized by a general glow of sentiment, tempered by a delicacy of expression, and epigramatic neatness of design.

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Lord Byron.

From an Original Painting by R. Westall, Esq.r R.A.

Engraved for the Dublin Monthly Museum.